A POWER COMIC

SPIDER-MAN SWINGS INTO ACTION!

POW! and WHAM!

No. 64
6th APRIL 1968
EVERY MONDAY 7d.

© Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1968

A BRAND NEW SUPER-HERO SAGA STARTS TODAY!

The FABULOUS F.F. FIGHT TO THE DEATH AGAINST:

"THE MAD MENACE OF THE MACABRE MOLE MAN!"

SEE: THE FRANTIC F.F. AS THEY DARE TO DEFY THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!!

SEE: THE INCREDIBLE SPECTACLE OF THE VANISHED CITY STREETS!

SEE: THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER IN THE LIFE OF SUE STORM!

THE SHOCK WAVES HAVE PASSED! ARE YOU ALL OKAY? WAIT! WHERE'S BEN?

I DON'T KNOW! I THOUGHT HE WAS THERE WITH YOU!!

I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENED TO THE BIG GUY!! HEY.. LISTEN!

HEY!! WHO'S THE WISE-GUY?? WHO'S SHAKIN' UP THE JOINT?!!

REED! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?? THERE'S NEVER BEEN AN EARTH-QUAKE IN THIS TOWN BEFORE!

IT HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY! THE WHOLE CITY IS BEING ROCKED BY THE TREMORS!

DON'T PANIC! IT CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1964

THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON BEHIND THE WALL! SOUNDS LIKE A BULL-DOZER COMING THROUGH!

KA-BO

I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S DOIN' BACK THERE!

BEN! SO YOU'RE THE ONE! STOP STRUGGLING, YOU BIG APE! YOU'RE BUSTING THROUGH THE WHOLE WALL!

ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN DROWNIN' IN THIS BLAMED SHOWER!

IF YOU USED THE BRAINS YOU WERE BORN WITH, YOU'D HAVE JUST REACHED UP AND TURNED OFF THE WATER.

ARE YOU TRYING TO HINT THAT I'M DUMB?!

WHO'S HINTING?

I ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY!

THERE'S NOT TOO MUCH DAMAGE ON THE STREETS BELOW! NOBODY SEEMS TO BE HURT! BUT THE CROWDS ARE MILLING AROUND IN BEWILDERMENT!

YOU'RE BEGINNIN' TO SOUND LIKE A TELEVISION NEWS-READER!

ANY IDEA WHAT CAUSED IT, REED?

JUST A HUNCH! BUT I'D RATHER NOT SAY TILL I'M CERTAIN!

YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO... OMINOUS!

LET'S HOPE I'M WRONG, SUE! LET'S GO.... INTO THE FANTASTI-CAR! WE'LL DO SOME INVESTI-GATING!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'! IT'S ABOUT TIME WE HAD A LITTLE ACTION AROUND HERE!

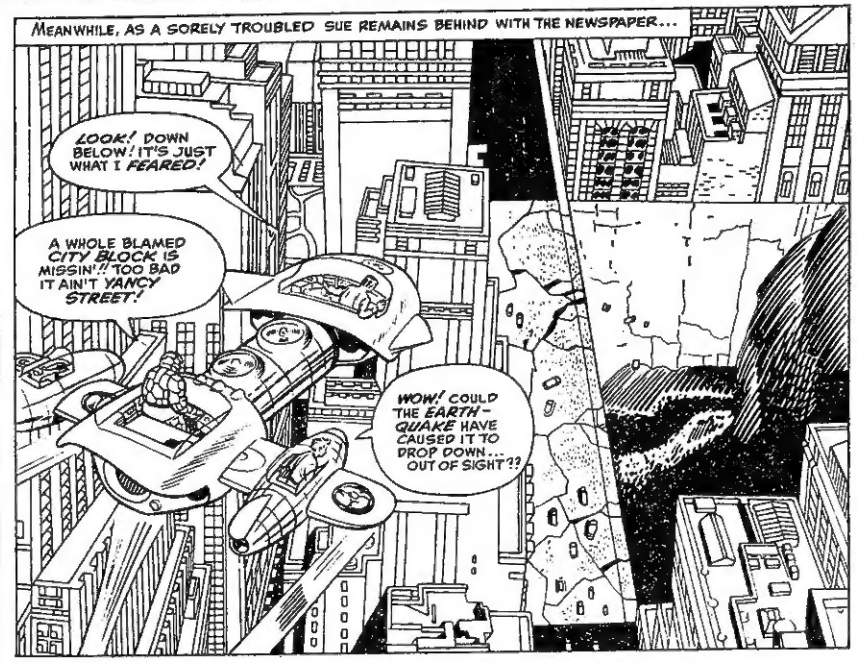
THAT PICTURE IN THE PAPER! IT CAN'T BE... AND YET.. I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE!

NO!! IT IS... IT IS HE!! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... JUST WHEN THE WORLD HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN!!
LATE FINAL
Post-Standard
DARING ESCAPE FROM PRISON CELL
EXTRA!
ESCAPED FUGITIVE
The warden's office at County Prison has just confirmed an earlier report that one of the most daring escapes in the history of that penal institution has just been successfully attempt

SUE!! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG! WHOSE PICTURE ARE YOU STARING AT IN THE PAPER?
NOTHING, REED... NOTHING THAT CONCERNS YOU!.. I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT!!

YOU AND THE OTHERS GO ALONG WITHOUT ME! I'LL WAIT HERE... I HAVE TO BE ALONE ...TO THINK..!
I'VE NEVER SEEN HER LIKE THIS! THAT MAN IN THE PHOTO... HE'S THE CAUSE! BUT WHO CAN HE BE??

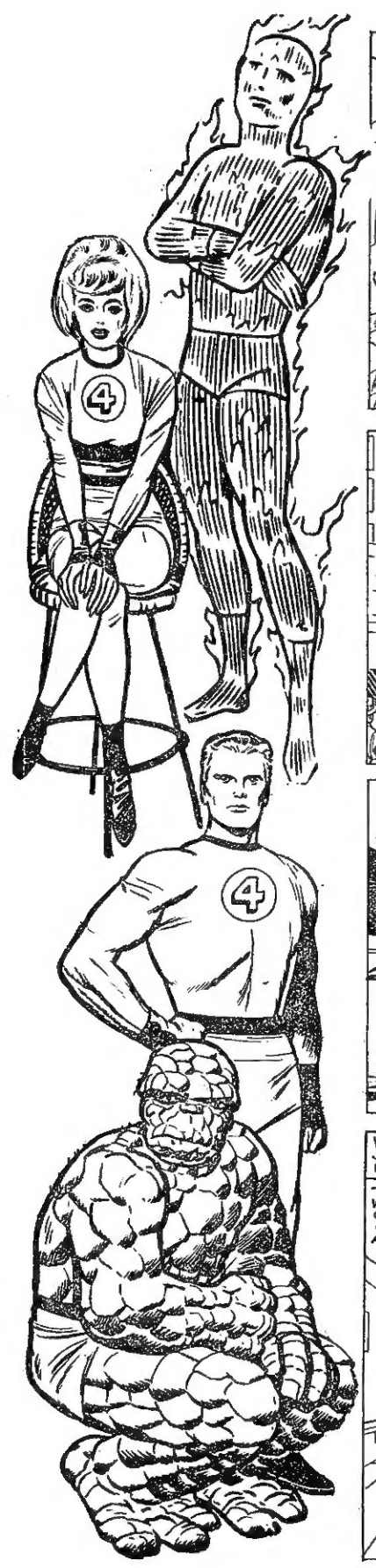
CAN THERE BE SOMEONE ELSE... FROM THE PAST? SOMEONE SHE LOVES MORE THAN ME?? NO! I DARE NOT EVEN THINK ABOUT IT!
THEY'VE GONE!! NOW I'VE GOT TO READ IT AGAIN... MAKE SURE THERE'S NO MISTAKE! NO... IT'S ALL HERE! IT'S ALL TRUE!!


MEANWHILE, AS A SORELY TROUBLED SUE REMAINS BEHIND WITH THE NEWSPAPER...
LOOK! DOWN BELOW! IT'S JUST WHAT I FEARED!
A WHOLE BLAMED CITY BLOCK IS MISSIN'!! TOO BAD IT AIN'T YANCY STREET!
WOW! COULD THE EARTH-QUAKE HAVE CAUSED IT TO DROP DOWN... OUT OF SIGHT??

QUICKLY LANDING NEAR THE STRANGE SITE, MR. FANTASTIC BEGINS AN IMMEDIATE INVESTIGATION... IN HIS OWN SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL MANNER...
SEE ANYTHING, REED?
NO! THE HOLE SEEMS TO BE BOTTOMLESS! I CAN'T STRETCH MYSELF FAR ENOUGH!

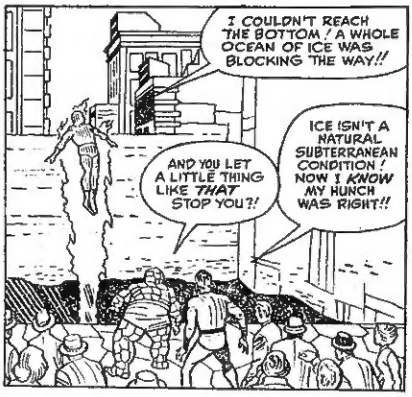
THEN I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME, BOSS MAN! HERE GOES!!
BE CAREFUL, JOHNNY!

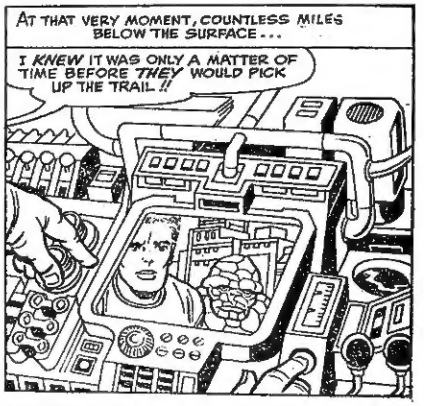
HOLY SMOKE! I OUGHT TO BE IN CHINA BY NOW!! THE FURTHER I GO, THE DEEPER IT GETS!! SAY! WHAT'S THAT BELOW??



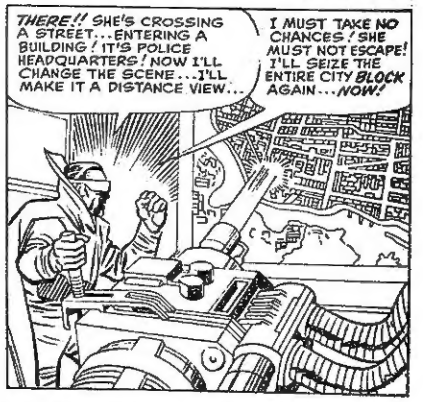
ICE!! FORMING ALL AROUND ME!! AS THOUGH SOMEONE... OR SOMETHING... IS TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM GOING ANY LOWER!!

I CAN BURN MY WAY THROUGH SOME ICE... BUT IT'S FORMING FASTER THAN I CAN MELT IT!!
WELL, LIKE OL' RUBBER HEAD ALWAYS SAYS... A SMART FIGHTER KNOWS WHEN TO RETREAT!!


I COULDN'T REACH THE BOTTOM! A WHOLE OCEAN OF ICE WAS BLOCKING THE WAY!!
ICE ISN'T A NATURAL SUBTERRANEAN CONDITION! NOW I KNOW MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!!
AND YOU LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT STOP YOU?!


AT THAT VERY MOMENT, COUNTLESS MILES BELOW THE SURFACE...
I KNEW IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY WOULD PICK UP THE TRAIL!!

BUT THIS TIME I'M READY FOR THEM! THIS TIME THE MOLE MAN SHALL TRIUMPH!
ALL I NEED IS THE RIGHT HOSTAGE... AND I'VE FOUND HER! WITH MY UNDERGROUND SCANNER, I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING HER MOVEMENTS, AND NOW I'M READY TO STRIKE!


THERE!! SHE'S CROSSING A STREET... ENTERING A BUILDING! IT'S POLICE HEADQUARTERS! NOW I'LL CHANGE THE SCENE... I'LL MAKE IT A DISTANCE VIEW...
I MUST TAKE NO CHANCES! SHE MUST NOT ESCAPE! I'LL SEIZE THE ENTIRE CITY BLOCK AGAIN... NOW!

WHILE, ON THE SURFACE ABOVE, REED, BEN, AND JOHNNY RUSH BACK TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS, TO PLAN THEIR BATTLE STRATEGY...
THAT EARTHQUAKE WASN'T A NATURAL ONE! IT WAS CAUSED BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS!!
GOT TO TACKLE ANOTHER NUTTY MAD SCIENTIST AGAIN??
YOU MEAN WE'VE
SAY! WHERE'S SUE? I DON'T SEE HER!

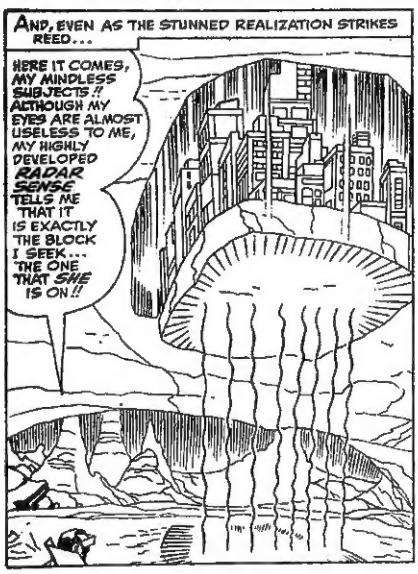
SIS! WE'RE BACK! WHERE ARE YOU??
HOLD IT JOHNNY! HERE'S A NOTE! IT MUST BE FROM HER!!

BUT, BEFORE REED CAN STUDY THE MESSAGE...
LOOK OUT!! ANOTHER QUAKE!

IT WAS JUST A BRIEF ONE! TURN ON THE RADIO, JOHNNY ... SEE IF ANY OTHER CITY BLOCKS HAVE VANISHED!
BOY!! THIS IS LIKE LIVIN' ON A POGO STICK!!
WILL DO! YOU KNOW SOMETHING? I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO FIND OUT!

THAT'S ODD! SUE'S NOTE SAYS SHE'LL BE BACK SOON...SHE HAD TO GO TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NEARBY!
COULD IT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT NEWSPAPER ITEM ABOUT AN ESCAPED FUGITIVE??
LISTEN! HERE'S THE NEWS!

ANOTHER CITY BLOCK IS MISSING! IT'S THE NORTHWEST SIDE OF THE CITY, BORDERING THE NEW CONSTRUCTION IN...
THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE POLICE HEADQUARTERS IS...
THE PLACE SUE WENT TO!!


AND, EVEN AS THE STUNNED REALIZATION STRIKES REED...
HERE IT COMES, MY MINDLESS SUBJECTS!! ALTHOUGH MY EYES ARE ALMOST USELESS TO ME, MY HIGHLY DEVELOPED RADAR SENSE TELLS ME THAT IT IS EXACTLY THE BLOCK I SEEK... THE ONE THAT SHE IS ON!!

HUMANS! YOU NEED HAVE NO FEAR! NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU!
YOU WILL MERELY BE MY GUESTS UNTIL I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED MY MAIN OBJECTIVE!

AH! THERE IS THE ONE I SEEK! TAKE HER PRISONER! SHE MUST NOT ESCAPE!
IT'S THE MOLE MAN! I-I'VE GOT TO TURN INVISIBLE!!

CAREFUL! YOU DOLTS! NO HARM MUST COME TO HER!
OHH, I FORGOT! MY INVISIBILITY IS WASTED ON THEM! THEY'RE VIRTUALLY SIGHTLESS! THEY DEPEND UPON TOUCH...AND INSTINCT!
BRING HER TO MY THRONE ROOM!!

MINUTES LATER...
TWICE BEFORE YOU AND YOUR ACCURSED PARTNERS HAVE FRUSTRATED MY PLAN TO CONQUER THE SURFACE WORLD!
BUT THIS TIME THE RESULT SHALL BE DIFFERENT! THIS TIME I HOLD A TRUMP CARD!
NO!! YOU'RE MAD!! NO MATTER HOW POWERFUL YOU ARE... NO MATTER HOW MANY SUBTERRANEAN SUBJECTS YOU HAVE, YOU CAN'T DEFEAT ALL OF MANKIND!!

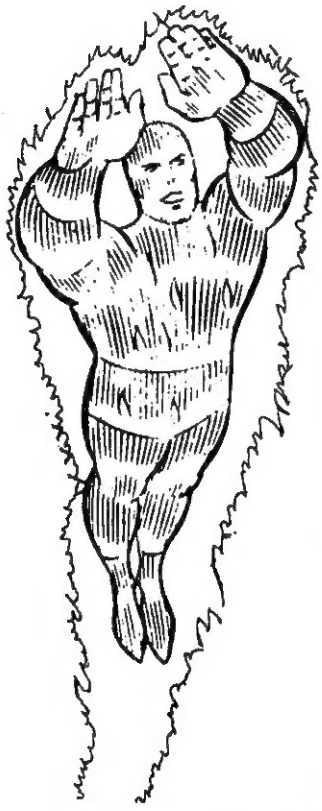
SILENCE, FEMALE!! HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW! I HAVE WEAPONS WHICH THE SURFACE FOOLS ABOVE CANNOT EVEN COMPREHEND!! I HAVE AN ENTIRE UNDER-EARTH ARSENAL OF INEXHAUSTIBLE MANPOWER TO DRAW UPON! AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL...I NOW HAVE... YOU!!
BY HOLDING YOU HOSTAGE, THE SOFT-HEARTED FANTASTIC FOUR WILL NOT DARE TO ATTACK ME!! AND, AS YOU KNOW, THEY ARE THE ONES I FEAR THE MOST!!
AGAIN YOU MISUNDERSTAND US! THEY WON'T SACRIFICE A CAUSE, JUST TO SAVE ME!
WE SHALL SEE ABOUT THAT!

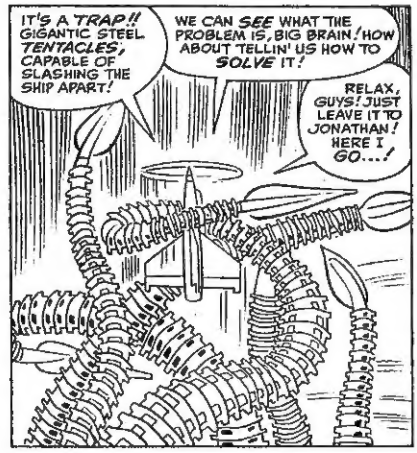
SECONDS LATER, THE HIGHLY COMPLEX VIDEO-TRANSCEIVER IN F.F. HEADQUARTERS BURSTS INTO LIGHT, AS THE MOLE MAN ACTIVATES IT FROM HIS AWESOME WORLD BELOW...
I KNEW IT! IT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN... HIM! BUT... LOOK!! BEHIND HIM! HE HAS SUE!!
HE'S POINTING TO HER!... HE WANTS US TO SEE HER!
HE'D BETTER HAVE HIS LIFE INSURANCE ALL PAID UP!

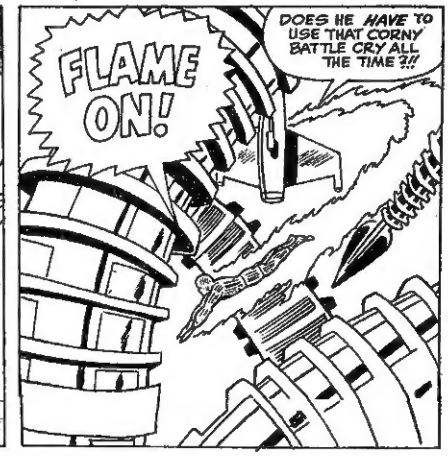
MOVING AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE FIGHTING-MAD TRIO RACE TO THEIR POGO PLANE...AND THEN...
HE'S GOT TO BE DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE! ALL ENGINES FULL THRUST!! LET'S DROP!!

LOOK SHARP! HE KNOWS WE'RE COMING! HE'LL BE READY FOR US!
YEAH? IF HE HAD ANY BRAINS, HE'D BE BUSY PACKIN'!
WE'VE GOT TO REACH SIS IN TIME...WE'VE GOT TO!
STEADY, JOHNNY! HE MUST KNOW IF ANY HARM COMES TO SUE, HE'LL HAVE SEALED HIS OWN DOOM!

REED!! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING MOVING DOWN BELOW!
I SEE IT, KID! WELL, HANG ON... WE CAN'T STOP NOW!
SOME FLIGHT THIS IS!! NOT EVEN A SINGLE EVER-LOVIN' HOSTESS ON BOARD!!

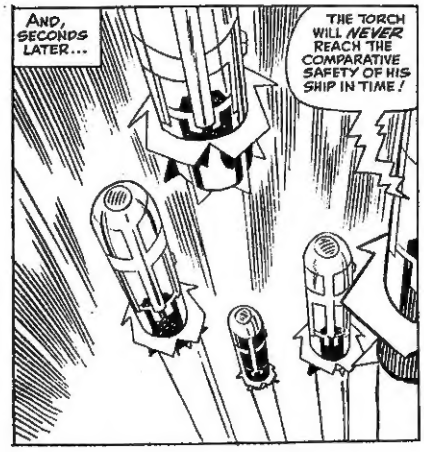


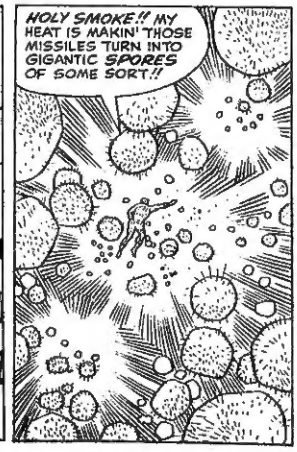

IT'S A TRAP!! GIGANTIC STEEL TENTACLES, CAPABLE OF SLASHING THE SHIP APART!
WE CAN SEE WHAT THE PROBLEM IS, BIG BRAIN! HOW ABOUT TELLIN' US HOW TO SOLVE IT!
RELAX, GUYS! JUST LEAVE IT TO JONATHAN! HERE I GO...!

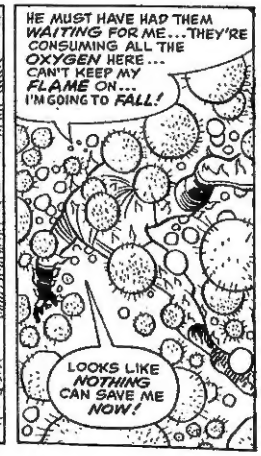

FLAME ON!
DOES HE HAVE TO USE THAT CORNY BATTLE CRY ALL THE TIME?!!

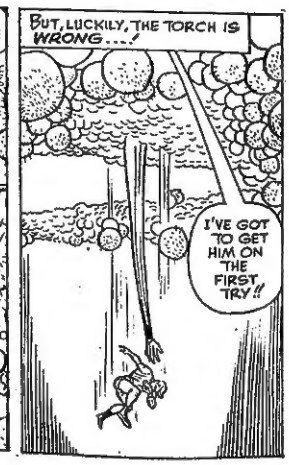
BENJAMIN, OLD FRIEND, HE COULD RECITE MOTHER GOOSE FOR ALL I CARE, SO LONG AS HE GETS THE RESULTS HE DOES!
WHAMBO!
I HAD A HUNCH THOSE GIZMOS WEREN'T APT TO BE FIREPROOF!

BUT, FAR BELOW, AS THE STEEL TENTACLES ARE MELTED BY THE TORCH'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED WHITE-HEAT AURA, AN ALARM SIGNAL FLASHES ON A COMPLEX CONTROL PANEL...
BZZZ
THEY HAVE PASSED OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE! THROW THE MISSILE SWITCH, YOU UNTHINKING CLOD!!


AND, SECONDS LATER...
THE TORCH WILL NEVER REACH THE COMPARATIVE SAFETY OF HIS SHIP IN TIME!


HOLY SMOKE!! MY HEAT IS MAKIN' THOSE MISSILES TURN INTO GIGANTIC SPORES OF SOME SORT!!


HE MUST HAVE HAD THEM WAITING FOR ME...THEY'RE CONSUMING ALL THE OXYGEN HERE... CAN'T KEEP MY FLAME ON... I'M GOING TO FALL!
LOOKS LIKE NOTHING CAN SAVE ME NOW!

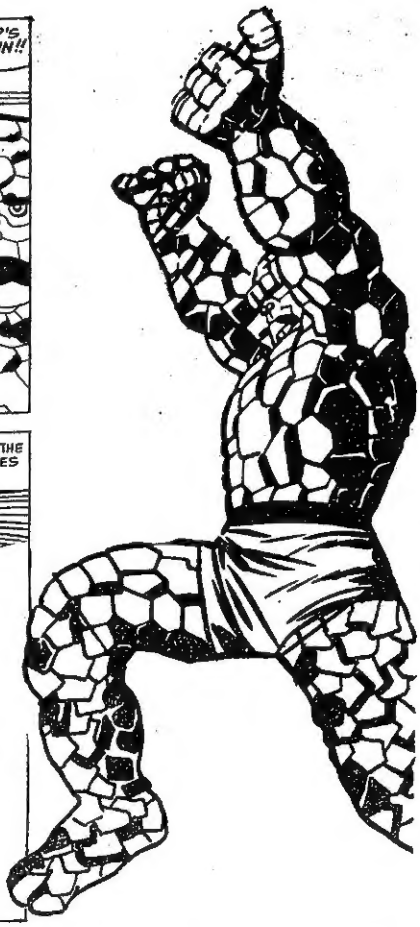

BUT, LUCKILY, THE TORCH IS WRONG...!
I'VE GOT TO GET HIM ON THE FIRST TRY!!

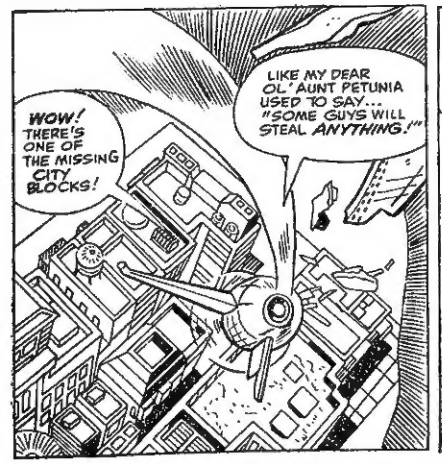
ATTA BOY, HIGH POCKETS!! YOU DID IT!! HE'S COLDER THAN A MACKEREL!! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH OXYGEN THERE! HURRY... YANK HIM INSIDE!!
SUGHH! JUST ANOTHER FEW INCHES..!

MUST REACH LEVER... SHUT DOOR...BLACKING OUT MYSELF...TOO MUCH STRAIN...
HEY! THE SHIP'S STARTIN' TO SPIN!!

WE'RE CAUGHT IN SOME KIND OF AIR WHIRLPOOL!! THAT'S ALL WE NEEDED!!!

BUT, WITH THE THING'S POWERFUL HANDS AT THE CONTROLS, THE VALIANT LITTLE CRAFT SURVIVES THE INTENSE BUFFETING, UNTIL...
WE PASSED THE AIR CURRENTS!! THERE'S A CALM AREA AHEAD! WE MADE IT!



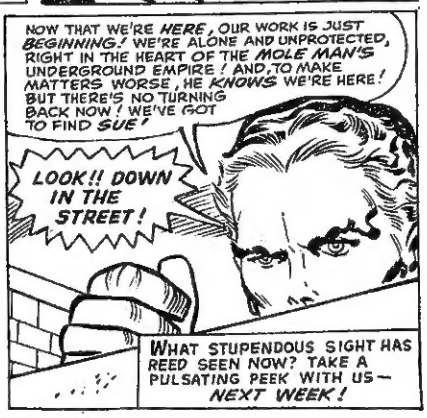

WOW! THERE'S ONE OF THE MISSING CITY BLOCKS!
LIKE MY DEAR OL' AUNT PETUNIA USED TO SAY... "SOME GUYS WILL STEAL ANYTHING!"

UH-OH!! THE AIR JET BRAKES AREN'T WORKIN' RIGHT!! THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER WAY TO SLOW THIS BABY DOWN...
...BUT I'LL PROBABLY HAVE A SORE FOOT FOR A WEEK!

A FINE THING!! HERE I AM IN ALL MY GLORY, AND THERE'S NOT EVEN A BRASS BAND WAITING FOR ME!! YOU'D THINK SOMEONE WOULD AT LEAST OFFER ME THE KEY TO THE CITY, OR SOMETHIN'!

I GUESS THE TROUBLE WITH ME IS...I'M TOO MODEST... JUST LIKE ALL WORLD-FAMOUS HEROES! I DON'T TALK MYSELF UP ENOUGH!

A PLACE LIKE THIS WOULD BE GREAT FOR A HOLIDAY! AT LEAST YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT RAIN!!
HEY...HOW ABOUT THAT!! YOU GUYS SAVED ME SOMEHOW! NICE GOIN'!
GOOD WORK, BEN...YOU GOT US HERE SAFELY! THE COBWEBS ARE JUST BEGINNING TO CLEAR AWAY IN MY HEAD..!


NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, OUR WORK IS JUST BEGINNING! WE'RE ALONE AND UNPROTECTED, RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE MOLE MAN'S UNDERGROUND EMPIRE! AND, TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, HE KNOWS WE'RE HERE! BUT THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW! WE'VE GOT TO FIND SUE!
LOOK!! DOWN IN THE STREET!
WHAT STUPENDOUS SIGHT HAS REED SEEN NOW? TAKE A PULSATING PEEK WITH US— NEXT WEEK!

Help brighten our day, frantic ones, and send us a letter to: Pow-Wow, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And . . . . . wait for it! If your letter is printed you win a genuine Spider-Man T-Shirt!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Dear Alf and Bart,

I am a regular reader of POW and in my opinion it is fantabulous! I think those short stories are GREAT . . . especially the one called 'Second Chance.' I like any story like this . . .

Carol Bain,
Wednesbury, Staffs.

Carol, your's is just one of the many letters we've had in praising 'Second Chance.' Are we to deduce from all this . . . that you tigers LIKE war stories? ARE we??

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I am a girl reader of POW! and I think it is smashing. In issue 58 the short story was the saddest but happiest I have ever read. Please, please . . . one hundred times . . . please print more of this kind of story. . . .

Susan Dodd,
Watford, Herts.

And what, tigers, is the title of the short story Susan is waxing lyrical about? You guessed it . . . 'Second Chance'. . . . Now you've really got us thinking. . . .

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In POW 58 your short story 'Second Chance' was really fantastic! But please why don't you make such stories LONGER?

Malcolm Boocock,
Wirral, Cheshire.

Malcolm, you've made our minds up. Darn it, we'll GIVE you frantic ones another war story. Just give us time to get it thunk up, written and drawn. . . .

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think POW is great. But I am a rugby fan and there is NEVER a rugby story in POW. . . .

Melvyn O'Neill
Wigan, Lancs.

First it was FOOTBALL . . . now it's RUGBY you want! How many MORE of you tigers feel the same way as Brother Melvyn?

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In POW 57 Davy was dared to climb Mount Everest. He was kicked down off the mountain by an Abominable Snowman . . . and fell 29,141 feet. It baffles me that he is all right next week.

Paul Solomons,
Herne Bay, Kent.

It baffles US too, Paul . . . and artist Ken Reid . . . and Davy! But that's the comics biz!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In POW 58 I was very surprised to see you had only given ONE page to The Tiddlers and the Dolls instead of two pages.

Ashley Dow,
Colchester, Essex.

We printed it, Ashley, because Mike Lacey and us thought it was particularly good and certainly didn't deserve NOT publishing just because it was only ONE page. Nothing to do with how many advertisements there were in that issue . . . really!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Can you tell me why THE CLOAK never changes his clothes. Surely they'd be filthy with dust and dirt by now . . .

Steven Mahler,
Southampton, Hants.

They WOULD, Steven . . . provided Cloak did wear the same clothes. But what makes you think he hasn't SEVERAL sets of clothes . . . (all the same style) hey? In fact we checked with Mischievous Mike Higgs . . . and he told us . . . Cloak has!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I remember in issue 45 I saw a ghost! Are there really such things as ghosts?

David Pollock,
Fife, Scotland.

WE'VE never seen one, David . . . and what's more we've never met anyone who HAS! So we're inclined to say we just don't BELIEVE IN 'EM! But 'ghosts' appearing in comics! . . . that's another thing altogether. You see stories with 'ghosts' in them are often so popular as entertainment, so we fall into line and TELL a story about a fictional ghost. Just the same as with monsters . . . and we don't believe in those either. Seems folks just LIKE to be scared a little.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Please, please put more of the X-MEN in POW! Why did you have to put the Fantastic Four alongside them . . . they made the F.F. look small. . . .

Richard Horsley,
Tadcaster, Yorks.

We just hope Clobbevin' BEN GRIMM doesn't read your letter, Richard. SMALL!! WELLLLL!! But if you want to enjoy THE X-MEN every week . . . don't forget, that they appear REGULARLY in FANTASTIC!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I beg you, please bring on new villians or bring back the old ones . . .!

David Hagan.
Dundee.

David, you have us just a leetle puzzled. Introducing new baddies . . . giving villians who've already appeared return roles! . . . we thought this is what WE HAVE BEEN DOING!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

. . . Where does Spider-man get all his web-fluid?

Gerard Gallagher,
Co. Donegal.

Easy, tiger. Peter Parker being the brainy feller he is . . . he MAKES the stuff! But how he makes it . . . that's something on the 'top secret' list.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

. . . you remember in ish 1 Spider-man was bitten by a radioactive spider, which gave him his special powers . . . well, how was it the spider BECAME radioactive????

Patrick Gueron,
Dublin, Eire.

The spider was caught up in a science exhibit, Patrick. Then it freed itself from that particular piece of scientific equipment and crawled on to Peter Parker. The rest you know.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In an earlier ish of POW I remember reading a story about The Green Goblin and the gangsters. And now you have published the same story again in POW 56-58. Why did you do it when you could have printed another adventure in the Spider-man series? Incidentally I think your short stories are FAB! Please keep on printing them.

Glenn Pennington,
Bradford, Yorks.

Now hear this, Glenn! You take another look back over your back POW issues! We've NEVER printed any story twice in our paper . . . not even on those blessedly few occasions when the boobies are raining like April showers from the garret. Honest, Glenn . . . we just wouldn't DO a thing like that to you.

Alf and Bart.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

MY TWO FAVOURITE FEATURES IN 'POW' ARE:

1st Favourite.....

.....

2nd Favourite.....

.....

MY AGE IS..... **DATE**.....

FREE 151 DIFFERENT ALL WORLD STAMPS

given to new customers who would like to see our approval books. These contain stamps sent for your inspection from which you may buy. You may buy this offer for 3/- if you do not want the approvals. Send 4d. for postage, and if you are of school age please tell your parents. We regret that we cannot send our approval books out of Europe.

THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO.
(Dept. P.12)
33 TRINITY ST., DORCHESTER, DORSET

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

WE'RE NOT FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS! (Or anyway that's what we prefer to say!) but we were SURE some of you dedicated ones out there would have said something about the results of our recent resolve to slick-up, design-wise, the pages of POW/WHAM! In case you didn't notice, for Pete's sake, we've been including small pin-ups and other decorations, especially on the Spidey and Fantastic Four story sections. So . . . what do you think? Have we succeeded? Do you prefer the bigger, bolder layout of the new POW? Don't forget, it's YOU who are the true editors of Power. What the majority of you say . . . goes!! So the suspense is killing us! So say something, will you? Even if it is only . . .UUUUGGGGGG!!!

AND BECAUSE YOU ARE THE REAL EDITORS, and because so many of you decided they were tired of WONDERING what Asgard looked like to Asgardians, and that THOR-featuring FANTASTIC should darned well show you what Asgard looked like . . . WE'VE DONE JUST THAT! Shown you! With a two-page spread view of the immortal realm. Complete with word-and-pic portraits of the comic-book greats who play the main character parts in the inimitable THUNDER GOD THOR dramas.

If you're a THOR fan (and we know that goes without saying) then our BONUS FEATURE in FANTASTIC, this week, is an out-and-out collector's item! It's waiting for you . . . in the newsagents . . . right now!

AS REAL EDITORS your opinion of the folksy funnies and soul-stirring sagas we toss at you, counts more even than OURS! That's why when you write in to us (and, tigers, keep THAT up) it does help if you tell us YOUR FIRST AND SECOND FAVOURITE FEATURES. Apart from giving us ammo for our regular "told-you-so" sessions, there are some of us who have fun showing off by making up graph charts percentagizing ALL this info you dish out to us.

So don't ignore your responsibilities as EDITORS will you? Keep us happy . . . keeping YOU happy . . . by keeping those VOTES a' coming in!!

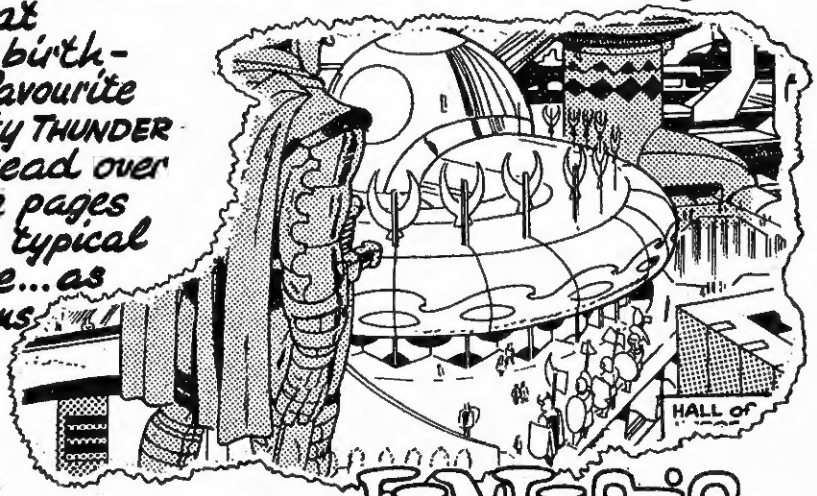
TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Ian Harrison, Fulham, London; Peter Kerridge, Cricklewood, London; Cormack Kirby, Petts Wood, Kent; Seamus Conway, Terenure, Dublin 6; Bobby Hogg, Dundee, Scotland; Paul Watson, Greenford, Middlesex; David Alderson, Shildon, Co. Durham; David Trask, West Cross, Swansea; Richard Banks, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol; William Dryden, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham; Christopher Bennett, Lee, London, S.E.12; Clive R. Sims, Lakeside, Cardiff; Bruce Hague, Lazenby, Nr. Eston, Yorkshire; Nicholas Ford, Ripon, Yorkshire; David Leedham, Billesden, Leicester; Jeffry M. Baxter, Cropwell Bishop, Nottingham; Russell White, Longbeton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Roy Spooner, Chatham, Kent; Garry Mitchell, Forfar, Scotland; Roderick Willcox, Darlington, Co. Durham.

PRESENTING... TO ALL WHO THRILL TO THE LEGENDARY TALES OF THE GREAT NORSE GODS!... A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE IMMORTAL REALM ITSELF.....

ASGARD!

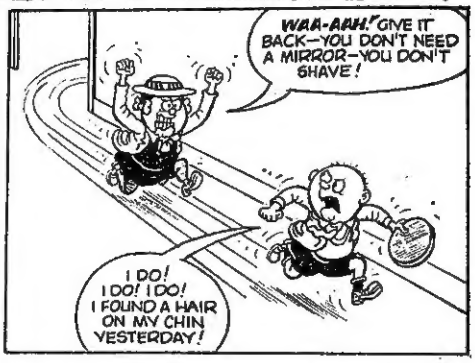
... Domain of awesome ODIN, the great 'ALL-FATHER'... birth-place of his favourite son, the mighty THUNDER GOD THOR! Spread over two complete pages we present a typical Asgard scene... as the Asgardians see it... day after day.

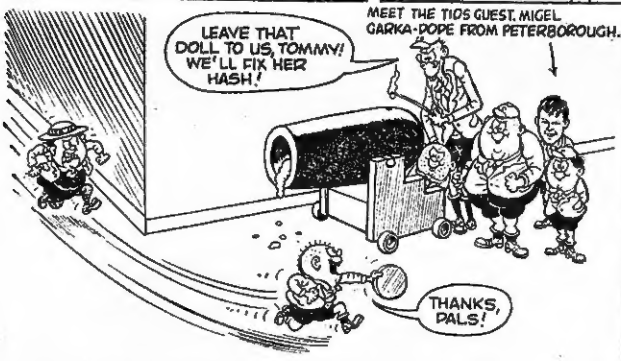


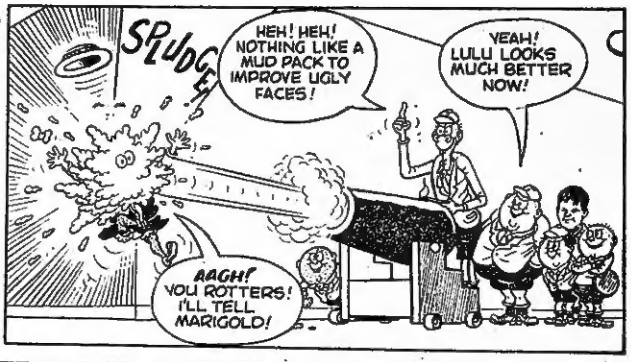
DON'T miss this MIGHTY THOR BONUS FEATURE! NOW... in FANTASTIC 9d

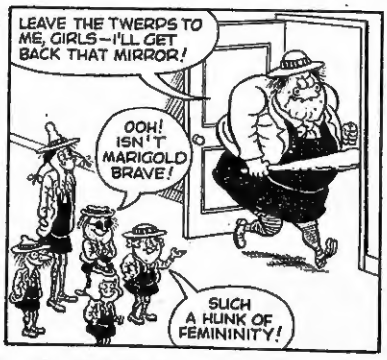
TOMMY HAS A CLOSE SHAVE—AND NOW HE NEEDS IT!

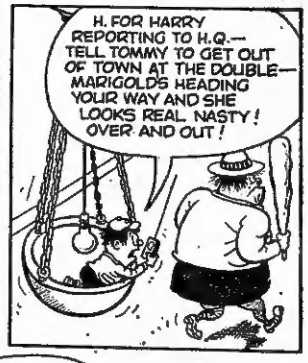
THE TIDDLERS AND THE DOLLS

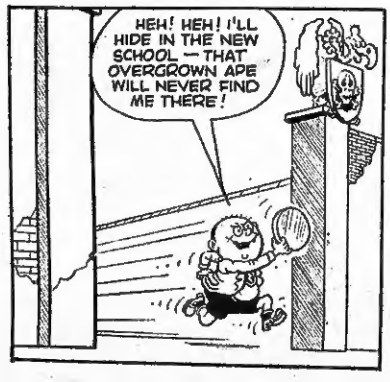


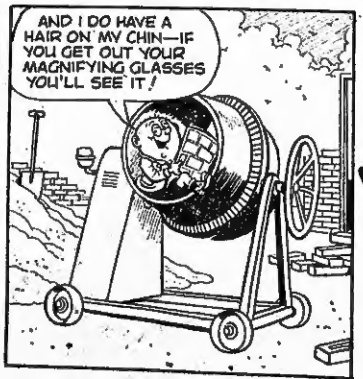


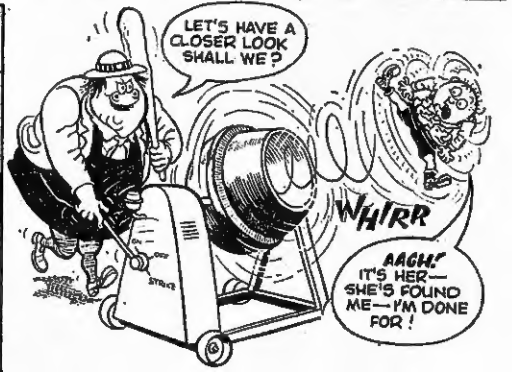


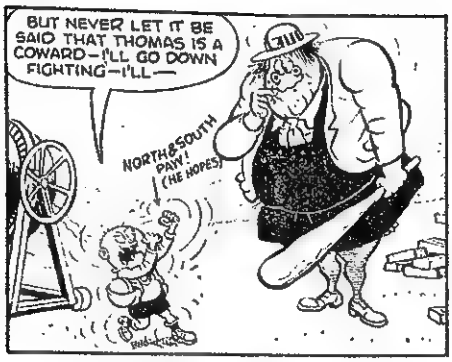


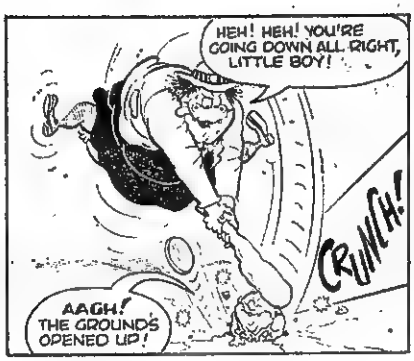


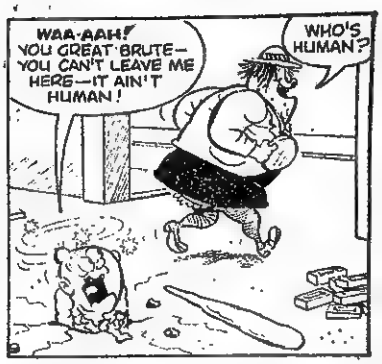


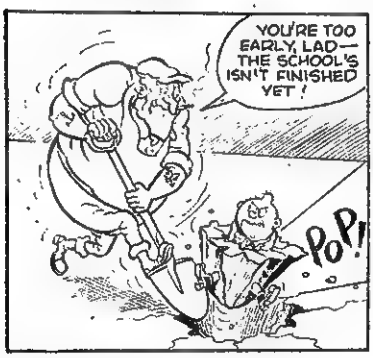


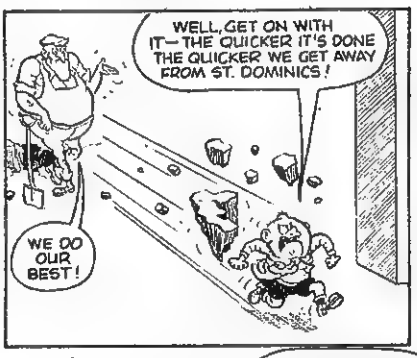


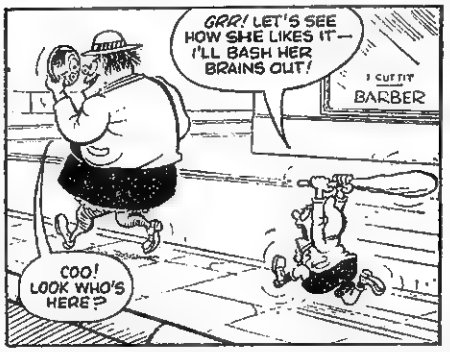

BUT NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT THOMAS IS A COWARD—I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING—I'LL—
NORTH&SOUTH PAW! (HE HOPES)

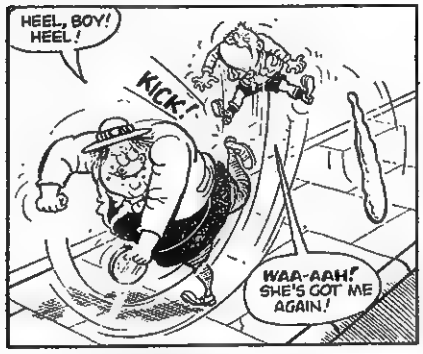

HEH! HEH! YOU'RE GOING DOWN ALL RIGHT, LITTLE BOY!
CRUNCH!
AAGH! THE GROUND'S OPENED UP!


WAA-AAH! YOU GREAT BRUTE—YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE—IT AIN'T HUMAN!
WHO'S HUMAN?


YOU'RE TOO EARLY, LAD—THE SCHOOL'S ISN'T FINISHED YET!
POP!

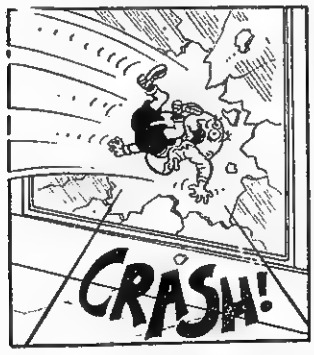

WELL, GET ON WITH IT—THE QUICKER IT'S DONE THE QUICKER WE GET AWAY FROM ST. DOMINICS!
WE DO OUR BEST!

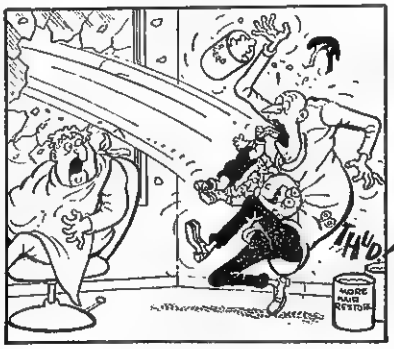

GRR! LET'S SEE HOW SHE LIKES IT—I'LL BASH HER BRAINS OUT!
BARBER
COO! LOOK WHO'S HERE?

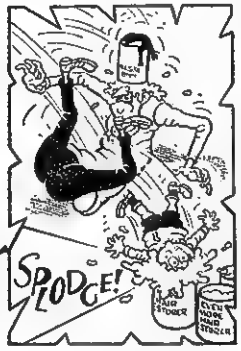

HEEL, BOY! HEEL!
KICK!
WAA-AAH! SHE'S GOT ME AGAIN!

GO AWAY, LITTLE BOY—YOU ARE NOT GETTING THE MIRROR—YOU DON'T NEED IT!
WAA-AAH! BUT IT'S MINE! I NEED IT FOR SHAVING!
WHOLLAP!

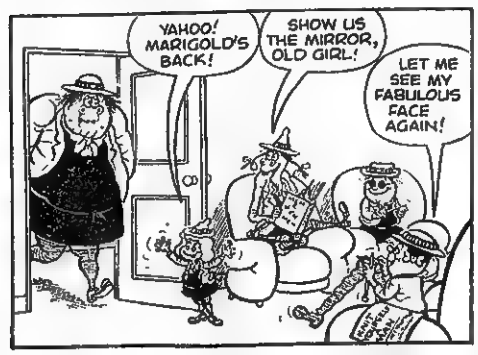
THIS STUFF WOULD GROW HAIR ON A BILLIARD BALL, SIR—GIVE IT A COUPLE OF HOURS, AND EVERYONE WILL BE CALLING YOU CURLY!
BARBER
SPLURGE


CRASH!

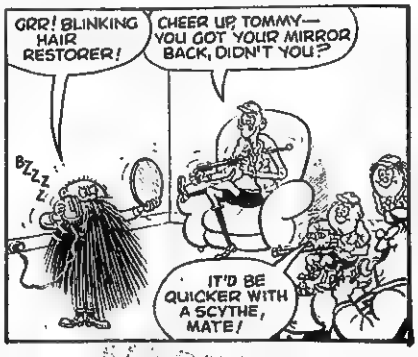

THUD


SPLODGE!

HAIR STYLIST
GRR! GET OUT—AND DON'T EVER COME BACK!
OUCH! YES, SIR! ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR—OUCH!


YAHOO! MARIGOLD'S BACK!
SHOW US THE MIRROR, OLD GIRL!
LET ME SEE MY FABULOUS FACE AGAIN!

WELL-ER-I DIDN'T BRING IT BACK—THE LITTLE TWERP HAD NEED OF IT AFTER ALL—HE DOES SHAVE, YOU KNOW! GULP!
YOU'VE WHAT!


GRR! BLINKING HAIR RESTORER!
CHEER UP, TOMMY—YOU GOT YOUR MIRROR BACK, DIDN'T YOU?
BZZZZ
IT'D BE QUICKER WITH A SCYTHE, MATE!

THE CRATE IN HOLD ELEVEN

YOUR POW! SHORT STORY

OUR STRANGE TALE, THAT HINTS AT MYSTERIES OF DARK LONG-AGO TIMES FAR BEYOND THE UNDERSTANDING OF MERE, MORTAL MAN, BEGINS IN A STEAMY, ROTTING PORT IN A REMOTE JUNGLE REGION OF SOUTH AMERICA...

FROM THE RUSTING DECK OF THE S.S. RIO, BULL MARLIN FIRST SETS SULLEN EYES ON THE OBJECT THAT FATE HAS ALREADY MADE HIS DESTINY.

GET OUT OF MY WAY! VAMANOS! GET AWAY FROM ME!

HEY! IT'S THAT EXPLORER GUY! HE WENT INTO THE INTERIOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO! AND HE LOOKS AS IF HE HAD A ROUGH TIME THERE!

S.S. RIO

GET YOUR HANDS OFF! NO-ONE TOUCHES THIS! NO-ONE!

KNOW WHO THAT GUY IS, BULL, MATE? SCOTT FURNELL, AN EXPLORER! AND A VERY RICH GUY.

RICH, EH? WONDER WHAT HE'S GOT IN THAT CRATE HE'S TOTING?

BULL MARLIN WATCHES FURNELL STUMBLE DOWN THE SAGGING STEPS TO THE GLOOM OF HOLD ELEVEN!

SOMETHING WORTH A LOT OF LOOT, THAT'S FOR SURE! YOU HEARD WE'RE TAKING HIM TO THIS ISLAND NO-ONE EVER HEARD OF BEFORE? WELL, HE'S ALSO BOOKED THE WHOLE OF HOLD ELEVEN FOR HIM AND THAT CRATE! MAKES YOU THINK, EH, BULL?

YEAH! I WISH I KNEW WHAT'S IN THAT CRATE!

REMEMBER! IF ANY OF YOU TRY TO SNEAK INTO THIS HOLD, I'LL STOP YOU... WITH A BULLET! FOR TWO DAYS UNTIL I GET OFF AT XATAC. THIS HOLD IS PRIVATE! NO-ONE COMES IN HERE!

XATAC! A SWAMP ISLAND! WHY WOULD HE WANT TO GO THERE?

MAYBE TO HIDE IT, EH?

MAYBE IT'S GOLD IN THAT CRATE! MAYBE DIAMONDS! SOMETHING HE FOUND IN THE JUNGLE, MAYBE!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, BULL, MATE! ANYONE TAKES A STEP NEAR THAT CRATE OF HIS AND HE'LL REALLY START SHOOTING! THAT GUY MEANS WHAT HE SAYS!

BUT AS THE S.S. RIO STEAMS SOUTH THROUGH OILY, TROPIC SEAS, BULL MARLIN FINDS HE CAN THINK OF NOTHING ELSE BUT... THE CRATE IN HOLD ELEVEN!

A RICH GUY LIKE HIM! WHY WOULD HE GUARD THAT CRATE LIKE HE IS? UNLESS WHAT'S IN IT... IS WORTH A PACKET!

AT NIGHTFALL, BULL MARLIN'S GROWING OBSESSION MAKES SLEEP IMPOSSIBLE...

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THAT CRATE! I'M GOING CRAZY JUST THINKING ABOUT IT. I'VE GOT TO KNOW!

SILENTLY, HE EASES UP THE HATCH. BUT...

MAYBE HE'S DROPPED OFF, AND I... UUUHHH!

HOLD IT! STAY RIGHT THERE!

NEVER HAS BULL MARLIN SEEN EYES SO GLARING, SO INSANELY PURPOSEFUL...

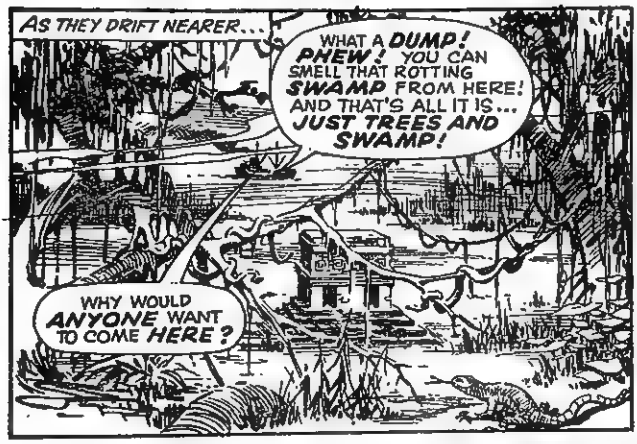
I WARNED YOU! I WARNED YOU ALL! LET US ALONE! OR I'LL KILL! I'LL KILL!

DON'T... DON'T SHOOT! I'M GOING, MISTER!

HE SAID 'US' HE MUST MEAN HIM AND ALL THAT... THAT WEALTH HE'S GOT DOWN THERE WITH HIM!
THAT'S WHY HE WON'T LET ANYONE NEAR HIM! HE'S GUARDING THE STUFF IN THAT CRATE... LIKE THEY GUARD THEM CROWN JEWELS IN ENGLAND!

AND SO CURIOSITY BECOMES AN OBSESSION....
IT AIN'T RIGHT! HE'S RICH ALREADY! HE DON'T NEED ANY MORE!
BUT ME, I'VE GOT NOTHING! IT AIN'T RIGHT HE SHOULD HAVE WHAT'S IN THAT CRATE. WHY SHOULDN'T IT BELONG TO ME?

FOR BULL MARLIN A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, HAUNTED WITH FEVERISH DREAMS OF UNTOLD WEALTH, PASSES. THEN, THE FOLLOWING DAY...
THAT'S THE PLACE WE'VE GOT TO PUT ASHORE OUR CRAZY MAN AND HIS CRATE!
XATAC HE CALLED IT. HOW COME HE KNEW OF IT? IT'S NOT EVEN ON THE MAP!


AS THEY DRIFT NEARER...
WHAT A DUMP! PHEW! YOU CAN SMELL THAT ROTTING SWAMP FROM HERE! AND THAT'S ALL IT IS... JUST TREES AND SWAMP!
WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO COME HERE?

AN HOUR LATER, THE S.S. RIO DROPS ANCHOR...
STAND BACK. HE'S STILL GOT THAT GUN!
HE'S GOING ASHORE! HE'S TAKING THAT CRATE AWAY!

ALL RIGHT! HE'S GOT WHAT HE PAID FOR. NOW LET'S GET AWAY FROM THIS STINKING SWAMP ISLAND!
HE'S GOT IT ALL TO HIMSELF NOW! ALL THAT... THAT WEALTH. AND NOTHING... NOTHING FOR ME!

THEN SOMETHING IN THE GREED-POSSESSED MIND OF BULL MARLIN SNAPS...
IT AIN'T FAIR! I NEED IT MORE THAN HE DOES! I NEED IT!
MARLIN! STOP HIM!

BEFORE SCOTT FURNELL CAN REALISE WHAT IS HAPPENING...
IT'S GOING TO BE MINE! MINE!
AAAHH!

THE HUGE SEAMAN SNATCHES THE GUN THAT HAS FALLEN FROM FURNELL'S HAND...
I'M GOING TO OPEN IT! NO-ONE'S GOING TO STOP ME!
AAAHHHH!

WITH HIS SEA-KNIFE, BULL MARLIN SLASHES AT THE ROPES AROUND THE CRATE. THEN...
DON'T NONE OF YOU MAKE A MOVE TOWARDS ME, HEAR? WHAT'S IN THIS CRATE... IT'S MINE NOW!
HE'S OPENING IT WITH THAT CROWBAR!
NO! YOU... DON'T KNOW... WHAT YOU... ARE DOING? DON'T OPEN IT!
MINE!... ALL OF IT INSIDE HERE.. MINE!
BULL MARLIN'S SHAKING HANDS CLOSE ABOUT SOMETHING HEAVY, THAT GLEAMS DULLY WITH A YELLOW LIGHT... SOMETHING INANIMATE, BUT YET WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE A WEIRD LIFE OF ITS OWN...
A.. A STATUE... AND IT'S MADE OF GOLD! GOLD!
IT'S TOO LATE! TOO LATE!
INCREDIBLY, THE HIDEOUS PAGAN IDOL SEEMS TO QUIVER IN BULL MARLIN'S HANDS, AND THE EYES...
THEY... THEY'RE COMING ALIVE! THE EYES.. THEY'RE GLOWING!
THEY'RE... BURNING... RIGHT INTO.. MY HEAD!
THEN...
HE'S TAKING IT WITH HIM! HE'S, HE'S GOING WITH IT... INTO THE SWAMP!
AT LEAST I AM FREE.! FREE!
WE CAN'T GO AFTER HIM. THAT SWAMP IS CRAWLING WITH SNAKES!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?
I'LL TELL YOU, CAPTAIN. BUT EVEN THOUGH YOU HAVE SEEN IT WITH YOUR OWN EYES.. YOU WILL NEVER BELIEVE WHAT I AM ABOUT TO TELL YOU!
I FOUND.. IT.. IN THE INTERIOR, IN A RUINED TEMPLE. THERE WERE ANCIENT WRITINGS ON THE WALLS, BUT I HAVE STUDIED THEM.. I WAS ABLE TO READ WHAT THEY SAID.
THE WRITINGS SAID THAT THE PAGAN GOD XATAC WAS STOLEN FROM HIS ISLAND DOMAIN BY MAINLAND RAIDERS... THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO...
THE WRITINGS SPOKE OF PLAGUE AND FAMINE. THAT THIS WAS THE CURSE FROM XATAC WHO HAD BEEN TAKEN FROM HIS DOMAIN...
...THE WRITINGS SAID THERE WOULD BE NO PEACE FOR MAN UNTIL SOMEONE COULD TAKE XATAC BACK TO HIS ISLAND. THEY DREW A MAP... BUT WERE TOO WEAK TO CARRY THE IDOL OF GOLD!
FRANC. FUENTES MAN.
... BUT XATAC HIMSELF HAD THE POWER TO MAKE MEN HIS GUARDIANS! HIS SLAVES! AS IT MADE ME ITS GUARDIAN WHEN I DISCOVERED IT IN THAT LONG-DEAD TEMPLE...
YOU.. YOU MEAN.. THAT THING MADE YOU CARRY IT BACK HERE? MADE YOU PROTECT IT? MADE YOU ITS GUARDIAN?
IT IS AS YOU HAVE SEEN. WHEN HE SHOT ME... DESTROYED MY USEFULNESS AS A GUARDIAN... XATAC CHOSE HIM...
... TO CARRY IT BACK WHERE IT BELONGS. TO WHERE IT... OR HIM... WILL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN!
The End

Dare-a-day DAVY

SEND DAVY A DARE, ON A POST CARD, TO "DARE-A-DAY DAVY", DOW, 64 LONG ACRE, LONDON, WC2. AND IF IT'S PUBLISHED, YOU WILL WIN POUND!

BEFORE I READ THIS WEEK'S DARE, I WANT TO SEE THE "INNER-SELF" OF THE SENDER ON THE "SCHIZOSCOPE"—SO IT'LL GIVE ME SOME IDEA WHAT TO EXPECT!

KEEP
VIEW
RETURN

HA-HAR! YOU LIKE-A DA DARE I SEND YOU—INDEED TO GOODNESS? ALL-A YOU-DO IS JUMP, THEN FLAP-A DA HANDS, SO—LOOK-YOU!

ERK! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

HARSH, GRATING DIN

WE'LL KEEP-A-DA WELCOME IN DA HILL-SIDE. WE'LL KEE-P-A-DA WELCOME IN CAPRI.

CROAK

OH, NO! IT'S THE "INNER-FIEND" OF GLYN PETRUCCI, OF SOUTH OCKENDON—AND IT'S DARED ME TO FLY OFF THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER!

GULP! GASP! GIBBER-GURGLE!-HEH-HEH-HEH!

WELL, GLYN! WHETHER YOU'RE A WELSH-ITALIAN OR NOT, IT IS A FACT THAT DAVY CANNOT RESIST A DARE, SO LATER, ON THE FAMOUS WHITE CLIFFS.

P-PLEASE, "PROVIDENCE"—BEFORE I ATTEMPT TO "KICK-THE-BUCKET" FROM 500 FT., HELP MY WILL-POWER TO ASSERT ITSELF.

IT'S NOT MUCH TO ASK, IS IT? JUST TO BE TURNED INTO A SNIVELLING COWARD, AND REEL AWAY FROM THIS CLIFF-EDGE, LIVID WITH TERROR!

AND NOW, FOLKS! WHILE "PROVIDENCE" IS CONSIDERING DAVY'S HEART-FELT PLEA—VENTURE WITH US, OUT TO SEA, WHERE ANOTHER NUT IS ATTEMPTING A SIMILAR, UNINTENTIONAL, SUICIDE-BID.

...AND THIS IS HIM!

IN A BID TO ACHIEVE FAME, ALGERNON GRIPEWATER IS ATTEMPTING TO SAIL ROUND CAPE HORN IN A PETROL-DRIVEN ZINC BATH! AND AFTER SEVEN WEEKS AT SEA, HIS POSITION IS APPROXIMATELY THREE HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE END OF DOVER PIER, WHERE HE STARTED FROM.

HELP!—YOU ROTTEN LOT! I'M JAMMED ON A JETTY, AND MY PORT-SIDE PATCH HAS SPRUNG ITS RIVETS, AND I HAVEN'T HAD A BITE TO EAT SINCE LAST MONDAY!

STIFF BREEZE, BLOWING HAROLD'S HYSTERICAL HOOTS OUT TO SEA.

GOOD LAD! KEEP IT UP! WELL DONE

THE ODD ATTITUDE OF THE CROWD IS DUE TO A MISQUOTE IN A LOCAL PAPER, WHICH HAS LEFT THEM WITH THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY'RE WATCHING A PRE-PLANNED ENDURANCE TEST.

IT'S FANTASTIC! IF HE CAN STICK IT OUT ANOTHER FORTNIGHT, HE'LL HAVE BEATEN THE RECORD!

GIBBER-GIBBER! MY HOME-MADE DISTRESS-ROCKET! (GASP!) THEY CAN'T MISUNDERSTAND THAT!

S.O.S

SHAKE

FIZZ-Z

ARE YOU POSITIVE HE'S STILL GOT TWO MORE WEEKS TO GO? LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S STARTED CELEBRATING RIGHT NOW! HE'S LETTING OFF FIREWORKS IN TRIUMPHANT JUBILATION!

LEAVING HAROLD TO CONTINUE HIS PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION, 300 YARDS FROM THE PIER, LET US FOLLOW THE ERRATIC COURSE OF HIS HOME-MADE "CELEBRATION" ROCKET AS IT WHOOSHES TOWARDS THE SHORE—

—AND HERE IT COMES—ZIG-ZAGGING OVER THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER—WHERE, FOR ONCE, WILLIE POWER (DAVY'S WILL-POWER) APPEARS TO BE "PUTTING-ONE-OVER" ON "PROVIDENCE".

GUR! THE SOPPY TWIT'S WEAKENING! I MUST ACT FAST!

COME ON! SAY IT! "I AM A RANK COWARD AND I CANNOT TAKE OFF."

ER—OKAY!

THE CLOAKED CHARACTER IS DAVY'S "BAD-SELF", DAVE HYDE, WHO URGES HIM ON.

ZOOM

IS THAT SO?

I AM A RANK COWARD—

SWISH-H-H-H-H-H

HEH-HEH! WITH A BIT OF MANIPULATION, I CAN NUDGE THIS ON TO A COURSE WHERE IT'LL DO A SPOT OF NO-GOOD!

—AND I CANNOT TAKE OFF—AGH-H! I HAVE!

ZOOM

UNFORTUNATELY FOR DAVY, HIS HOME-MADE WINGS WORK FINE!

SO, TOO, DOES HAROLD'S HOME-MADE DISTRESS-ROCKET—BY EXPLODING IN AN EYE-CATCHING SHOWER OF SPARKS, AT AN ALTITUDE OF 500 FT.—

AGH! SAVE ME!!

BANG

—JUST AS HAROLD HAD HOPED—UNTIL NOW!

SOUND-BARRIER

RIP

BOOM

AWLK! YOU DOWN THERE! THE BUCK-TOOTHED TWIT! IN HYSTERICS!

SHIFT THAT TIN BATH!

-AGHHH

WHOOOOOOSH

EE YAAGH!!

BENDING OF FRACTURED BONES, WRINKLED SHEET METAL, AND HAROLD.

AND NOW, IF YOU WILL KINDLY FOLLOW US THROUGH THE BOTTOM OF THE BATH, AND FIFTEEN FATHOMS OF ENGLISH CHANNEL, WE WILL BRING THIS RIDICULOUS FARCE TO ITS CONCLUSION—IN THE SUBMERGED PROXIMITY OF DOVER PIER.

KEEP RUNNING UNTIL WE REACH THE PIER SUPPORTS—THEN CLIMB!

GLARGLE-ARGLE-ELP! ALF! BLART!

GLURK

GASP-GLUG! GASP-GLUG!

CLICK

CLATTER

RATTLE CRUNCH

ANYONE WITH IDEAS OF BECOMING A HIGH-DIVING CIRCUS-ACT (INTO A SMALL TANK) PLEASE NOTE DAVY'S HEAD!

RATTLE AND CLATTER OF FIFTY-FIVE FRACTURES.

AFTER AN AQUATIC 4-MILE FLOUNDER—DURING WHICH HAROLD LOST ALL SENSE OF DIRECTION, AND IS NOW *RUNNING* ROUND CAPE HORN—DAVY ACCIDENTALLY MADE CONTACT WITH THE PIER SUPPORTS (FACE FIRST) AND CLIMBED OUT!

AND NOW—FROM HIS HOSPITAL BED—HE WISHES TO SEND A PERSONAL MESSAGE TO GLYN PETRUCCI.

GNASH! SNARL!-WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE I'M COMING TO OCKENDON, MATE,—AND WHEN I DO I'M GONNA—

—SORRY, GLYN! CENSORED! —THE LOT!

SNARL!

HATE

GRATE CRUNCH

GRASH-GRING

SHU

GLYN! HAVING PRE-READ THE PART THAT'S CENSORED, WE ADVISE YOU TO HOP IT! THE POUND WE'RE SENDING SHOULD HELP YOU GET AWAY.

ONLY MINUTES LEFT! CAN DR. MORG SURVIVE?!!

EXPERIMENT X

AS A RESULT OF AN EXPERIMENT WHICH HAS MISFIRED, DR. MORG, CHIEF SCIENTIST TO THE TOP-SECRET FEDERATION FOR EXTRAORDINARY AND ALIEN REARCH (F.E.A.R.) IS SLOWLY TURNING INTO METAL! WITH MORG SUSPENDED FROM A MAGNETIC CRANE, A F.E.A.R. SECURITY SQUAD ROARS BACK TO ITS BASE IN A FANTASTIC RACE AGAINST TIME...

WHAT ARE THEY DOING? IS THAT A MAN, UP THERE, OR SOME KIND OF STATUE?

CLEAR THE ROAD! I REPEAT... THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!

AND I REPEAT, DON'T YOU MEN KNOW ANY SIDE-ROADS? IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, THE ORGANISATION OF F.E.A.R. IS SUPPOSED TO BE TOP-SECRET!

DRIVING THE THUNDERING CRANE IS COLONEL BEN TRAGG, THE FIERY HEAD OF F.E.A.R. SECURITY...

COLONEL TRAGG... IT'S VITAL THAT YOU KEEP A CHECK ON DOCTOR MORG'S WEIGHT!

HE'S RIGHT! WE CAN'T JUST RIDE THROUGH TOWN LIKE A UNIVERSITY RAG PROCESSION! WE'RE BEGINNING TO ATTRACT ATTENTION!

WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING, GAZING AT THE SCENERY?

HE'S REGISTERING 22 STONES... AND RISING! THERE CAN'T BE MUCH LEFT OF HIM THAT ISN'T MADE OF METAL!

FASTER! FASTER... YOU...FOOLS! ONLY...FEW MINUTES...LEFT!

IF WE STICK TO THESE BUILT-UP-AREAS, WE'LL NEVER REACH THE LABORATORIES IN TIME!

... SO WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE A SHORT-CUT!

WHAT THE-?

AS COLONEL TRAGG'S STARTLED COLLEAGUES RE-FORM AND ROAR IN PURSUIT!

GOOD GRIEF! HE'S GOING TO CUT ACROSS THE MOOR ROAD!

IT'S THE QUICKEST WAY BACK TO THE LAB... BUT IT MEANS USING A BRIDGE WHICH IS BANNED TO HEAVY TRAFFIC!

THE COLONEL MUST HAVE DECIDED ITS THE ONLY HOPE OF SAVING MORG!

AND, SOON...

THERE'S THE OLD BRIDGE! AT A ROUGH GUESS, I'D SAY WE'RE AT LEAST A TON TOO HEAVY FOR IT...

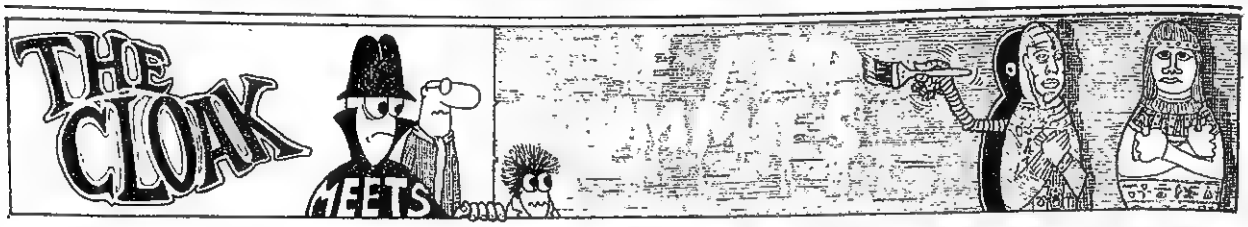
DANGER

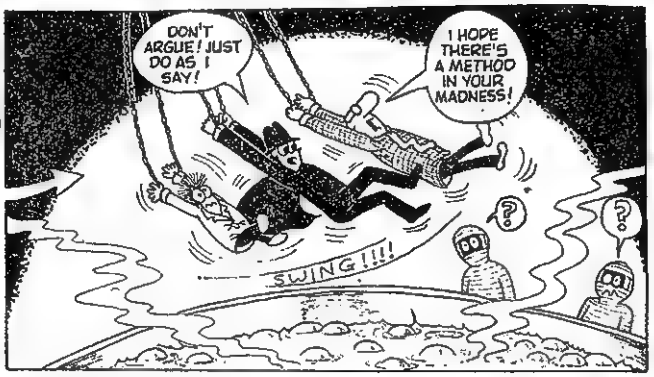
1t.5

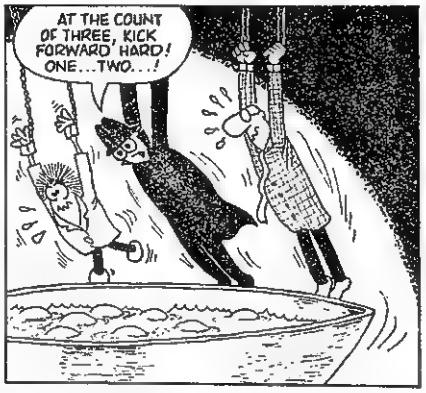
BUT IT'S ALL OR NOTHING, MORG! IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, THEY'LL BE USING YOU AS A DOOR-STOP!

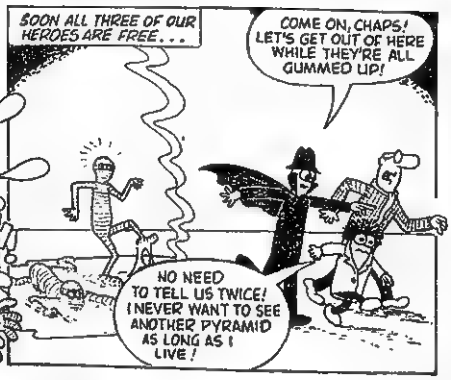
INCH BY INCH, THE SHUDDERING LEVIATHAN FEELS ITS WAY ACROSS THE DERELICT STRUCTURE!
SHE'S... HOLDING! I THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT!
AND THEN...
NO! THE WEIGHT WAS TOO MUCH...THE WHOLE BRIDGE IS COLLAPSING!
PR-AAAK!
WITH DESPERATE SPEED, TRAGG HURLS HIMSELF FROM THE CRANE CABIN...
THE COLONEL'S SAFE!.. BUT THE CRANE'S TOPPLING INTO THE RIVER, TAKING DR. MORG WITH IT!
BRRRRO
NEXT INSTANT...THE RIVER SEEMS TO EXPLODE INTO A GIGANTIC RIBBON OF CRACKLING LIGHT!
THE WATER HAS SHORT-CIRCUITED THE CRANE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC POWER-UNIT!
FFF
FFFFTAAA
AAGH! THAT... FLASH!
MORG! HE... HE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE!
HIS METALLIC BODY MUST HAVE ABSORBED THE FULL FORCE OF THE ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE!
WELL, WE TRIED, ANYWAY!
THE SECURITY MEN'S EYES RECOVER FROM THE DAZZLING PYROTECHNICS, AND TURN TOWARDS THE MOTIONLESS FIGURE, SPRAWLING IN THE SHALLOWS...
THEN, TO THEIR UTTER AMAZEMENT, THE MASTER OF F.E.A.R. STIRS, AND...
BY GLORY! HE'S... HE'S BACK TO NORMAL! BUT... HOW?
UUUH!..WHAT...MY FACE! ORDINARY...FLESH AGAIN! I CAN...SPEAK...MOVE! I'M ALIVE! HA! HA!
THERE'S ONLY ONE EXPLANATION! SOME OF THE CHEMICAL WASTE FROM OUR LABORATORIES HAS LEAKED INTO THIS RIVER! WHEN THE WATER BECAME CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY, IT MUST HAVE CAUSED AN INSTANT CHEMICAL REACTION WHICH REVERSED THE ORIGINAL FORMULA!
DR. MORG IS RETURNING TO NORMAL IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE...
BUT THANKS TO YOUR RECKLESS AND IRRESPONSIBLE DECISION TO USE THE BRIDGE, COLONEL TRAGG, I SHALL NEVER KNOW EXACTLY WHY MY BODY WAS THUS TRANSFORMED!
WHAAAAT?
BUT WHAT ELSE CAN ONE EXPECT, WHEN ONE IS SURROUNDED BY INCOMPETENTS! TCHA!
WHY, YOU.. YOU UNGRATEFUL, HARD-HEARTED....
A CHILLING NEW EXPERIMENT X STARTS—NEXT WEEK!

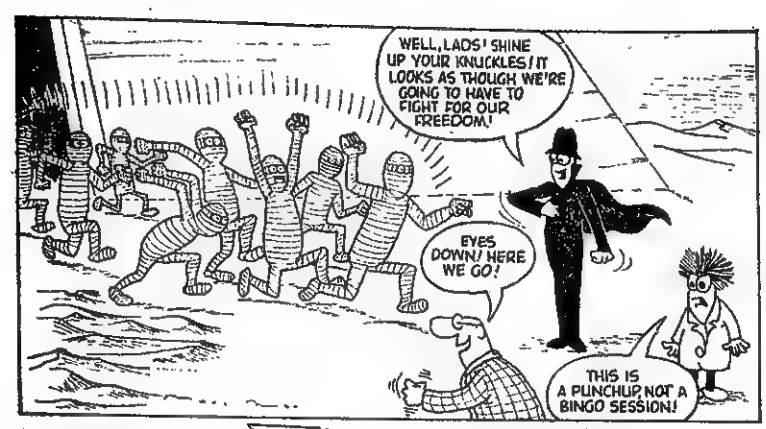
THERE'S NO BONES ABOUT IT WHEN THE CLOAK MAKES MINCEMEAT OF HIS ENEMIES!

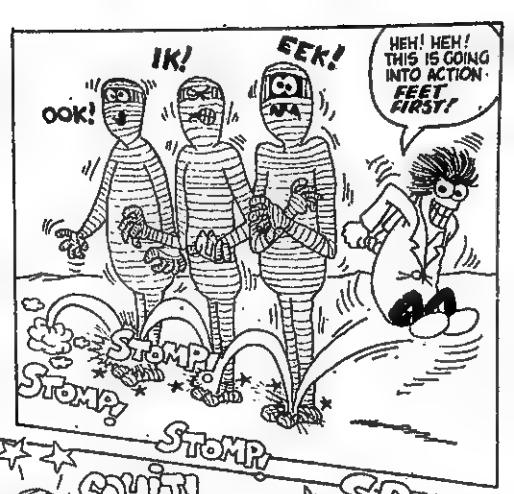


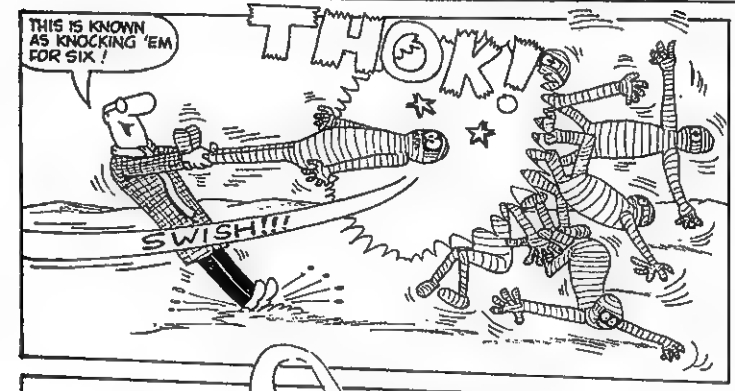






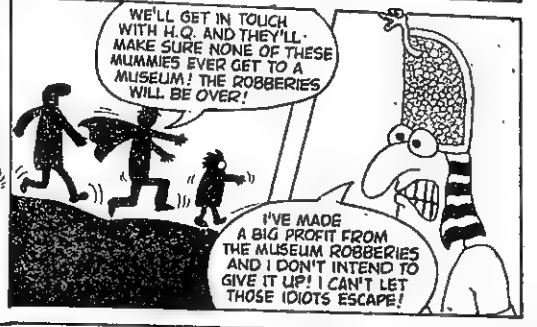

WELL, LADS! SHINE UP YOUR KNUCKLES! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT FOR OUR FREEDOM!
EYES DOWN! HERE WE GO!
THIS IS A PUNCHUP NOT A BINGO SESSION!


OOK!
IK!
EEK!
HEH! HEH! THIS IS GOING INTO ACTION. FEET FIRST!
STOMP!
STOMP!
STOMP!


THIS IS KNOWN AS KNOCKING 'EM FOR SIX!
THOK!
SWISH!!!

SQUIJ!
SPLAT!
ZOT!
YOU'LL REALLY BE NEEDING THOSE BANDAGES WHEN I'VE FINISHED WITH YOU!

COME ON, LADS! THAT'S ENOUGH FIGHTING FOR NOW! WE'LL NIP OFF AND HAVE A TEA BREAK!
SOK!
YECCH!
WHUMP!


WE'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH H.Q. AND THEY'LL MAKE SURE NONE OF THESE MUMMIES EVER GET TO A MUSEUM! THE ROBBERIES WILL BE OVER!
I'VE MADE A BIG PROFIT FROM THE MUSEUM ROBBERIES AND I DON'T INTEND TO GIVE IT UP! I CAN'T LET THOSE IDIOTS ESCAPE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT! I'LL HAVE TO SEND MY PACK OF SINISTER SPHINXES AFTER THEM! HEY YOU LOT! IT'S FUN! FUN! FUN! TIME!

GO GET 'EM, LITTLE PETS! TEAR 'EM APART!
STOMP!
STOMP!
DROOL!
SLOBBER!
PANT!
MIK
METHINX THE SPHINX WILL CATCH OUR BATTLE WORN HEROES! BUT I COULD BE WRONG! AM I WRONG? LET'S ALL FIND OUT NEXT WEEK.... BRAIN-BASHING BART!

PERIL STRIKES "THE MISSION TO MALEVOLO!"

THAT EVENING THEY REACH THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR JOURNEY...

I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, CLIFF! WHAT A BORE IT IS THAT WE HAVE TO CATCH ANOTHER COACH TO MALEVOLO, BUT I'LL BE READY ON TIME! PROMISE!

IT'S NO GOOD, I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE HER WITH ME. THE RISK *IS* TOO GREAT!

IN THE SOLITUDE OF HIS HOTEL ROOM, CLIFF BECOMES JANUS...

I'LL GIVE BETTY THE SLIP! SHE'LL BE ANGRY.., AND PROBABLY WORRIED ABOUT WHAT'S *HAPPENED* TO ME. BUT AT LEAST SHE'LL STAY *ALIVE!*

AND IN ANY CASE IT IS BETTER THAT *JANUS* TAKES OVER FROM HERE.

A TAXI IS WAITING OUTSIDE THE HOTEL...

STRANGE! IT IS ALMOST AS IF IT WERE *WAITING* FOR ME! BUT.... THAT'S CRAZY!

DRIVER! I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME ACROSS THE BORDER ... TO MALEVOLO!

SO LONG, BETTY! WITH LUCK I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN SOON...WITH ONE OF THE BEST STORIES THAT CLIFF ADAM HAS TURNED IN TO THE 'BANNER'.

SOON, THE TAXI IS ACROSS THE BORDER OF MALEVOLO, PASSING THROUGH DARK AND SINISTER MOUNTAINS...

THE BLACK CASTLE! THAT'S THE PLACE PROFESSOR PALCHI TOLD ME ABOUT —WHERE *HIS* DAUGHTER IS A PRISONER...!!

...AND THE DRIVER KNEW OF IT. ONE HOUR HE SAID!

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD CLIMBS... UNTIL THE TINY VILLAGES, BATHED IN MOONLIGHT, ARE LIKE POSTAGE STAMPS FAR BELOW.

TAKE IT MORE SLOWLY, DRIVER! OR YOU WILL *KILL US BOTH!* DID YOU HEAR ME?... *SLOWER!!*

SUDDENLY... AS THE CAR SCREAMS TOWARDS A HAIRPIN BEND....

HE'S JUMPED OUT!

WITH NO HANDS AT THE CONTROLS, THE TAXI PLUNGES FROM THE ROAD... INTO DIZZY SPACE.

WE'RE GOING OVER!!

.. AND AS IT PLUMMETS INTO A SHEER DROP...

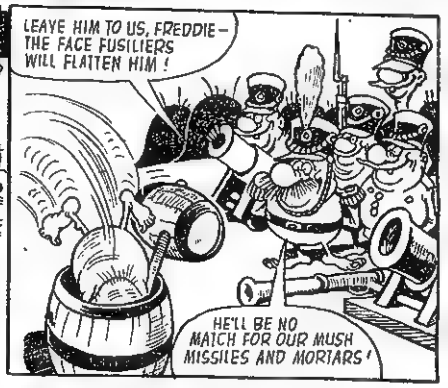
THE DOORS ARE LOCKED! AND THE WINDOWS...THEY'RE BULLET-PROOF!.. THEY WON'T BREAK!!

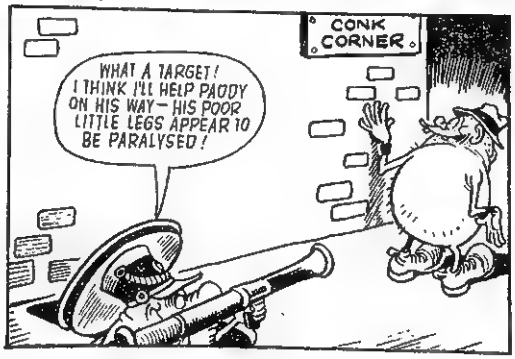
I'M TRAPPED IN HERE! *TRAPPED!*

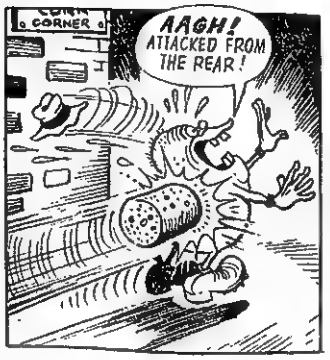
NEXT WEEK—THE BLACK CASTLE!

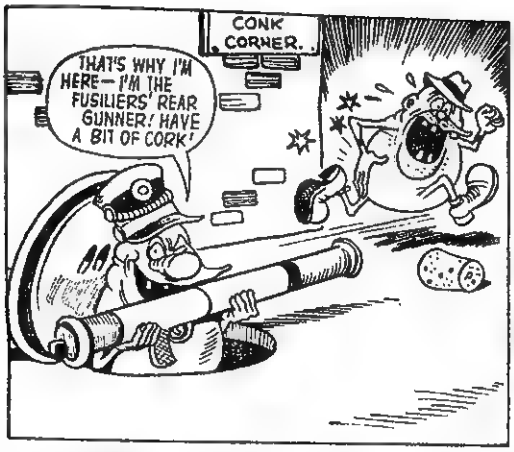
WHEN PADDY TRIES TO CLEAN UP HE RUNS INTO A MESS OF TROUBLE!

GEORGIE'S GERMS



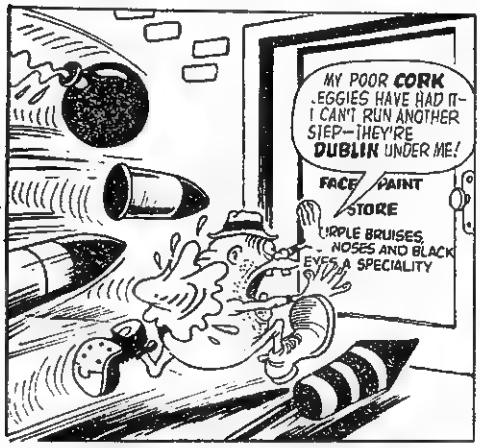


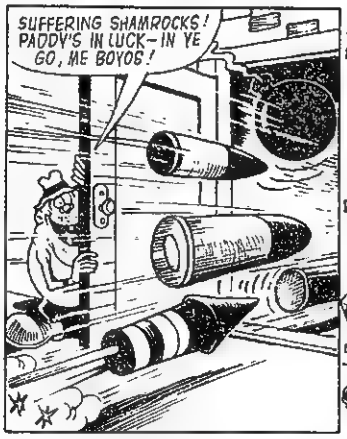



CONK CORNER.
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE—I'M THE FUSILIERS' REAR GUNNER! HAVE A BIT OF CORK!
AA

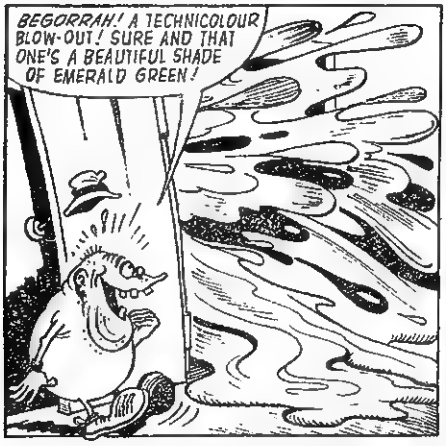
THERE HE IS, CHAPS— OPEN FIRE!
WAA-AH! A COWARDLY AMBUSH!

SLOSH!
AAGH! WHY DIDN'T I STAY IN DEAR OLD IRELAND?


MY POOR CORK EGGIES HAVE HAD IT— I CAN'T RUN ANOTHER STEP—THEY'RE DUBLIN UNDER ME!
FACE PAINT STORE
PURPLE BRUISES, NOSES AND BLACK EYES A SPECIALITY

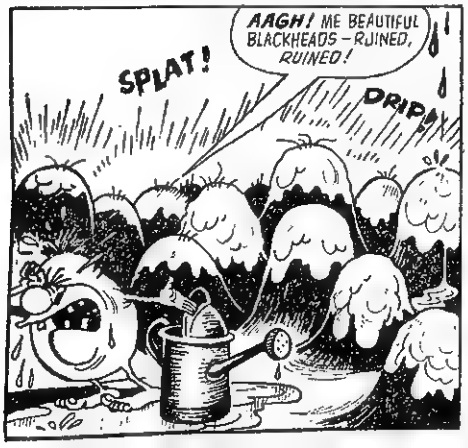

SUFFERING SHAMROCKS! PADDY'S IN LUCK—IN YE GO, ME BOYOS!

FACE PAINT STORE
PURPLE BRUISES
BOOM


BEGORRAH! A TECHNICOLOUR BLOW-OUT! SURE AND THAT ONE'S A BEAUTIFUL SHADE OF EMERALD GREEN!

SIGH! OUR BLACKHEADS ARE COMING ALONG NICELY— THIS IS THE BEST CROP WE'VE HAD FOR YEARS!

EEK!


SPLAT!
AAGH! ME BEAUTIFUL BLACKHEADS—RUINED, RUINED!
DRIP

ER—THAT STUFF GOT RID OF MY BLACKHEADS, MUM—

—BUT HOW DO I GET RID OF GREEN BLUE, YELLOW, PURPLE AND REDHEADS? GULP!
OH, NO! IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN TO HIM!

"CAPTURED BY J. JONAH JAMESON!"

SPIDER-MAN

J. JONAH JAMESON, FOLLOWING PETER PARKER'S ADVICE, HAS HIRED A SPECIAL ROBOT TO CAPTURE SPIDER-MAN! BUT THE ROBOT WORKS BETTER THAN EXPECTED, AND SPIDEY IS NOW FIGHTING A RUNNING BATTLE WITH HIS INESCAPABLE PURSUER! EVERYBODY IS LOOKING FOR PETER PARKER, ESPECIALLY FLASH THOMPSON, HIS CLASS-MATE, WHO'S LOOKING FOR TROUBLE AS WELL! NOW READ ON, TIGERS, AS BETTY BRANT ARRIVES AT PETER'S HOUSE. . .

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

NOW, THEN, WOULD YOU GIRLS LIKE A NICE REFRESHING CUP OF TEA, OR...?
OH, EH, NO THANKS, MRS. PARKER! I REALLY HAVE TO BE GOING!
YES, SO DO I! WE'LL SEE PETER SOME OTHER TIME!

WELL, WAS HE IN? WHERE IS HE?
HE WASN'T IN, AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS! GOOD-BYE, MISS BRANT!
GOOD-BYE, MISS ALLAN!

WAIT, LIZ... DON'T GO! DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR BOOKWORM BOY-FRIEND EAT CROW WHEN HE FINDS ME WAITING FOR HIM?
I DO NOT! I'M GOING HOME!
WE'D BETTER CUT OUT, TOO, FLASH! IT'S GETTING LATE!

C'MON, LET'S GET SOME-THING TO EAT!
SURE, TOMORROW'S ANOTHER DAY! YOU CAN FIND PARKER ANY TIME!
THAT'S RIGHT! WE CAN'T HANG AROUND HERE FOREVER!
HEY, WAIT...!

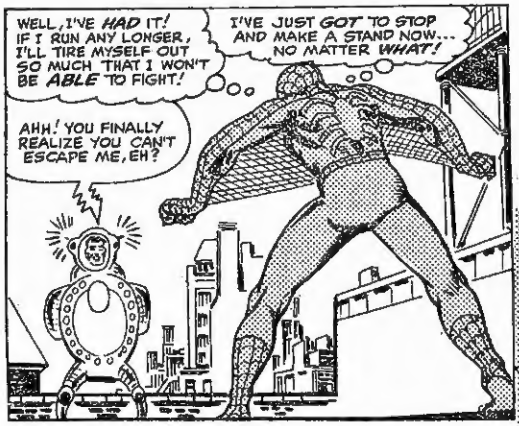
LET 'EM GO! THAT MILKSOP HAS TO COME BACK SOME TIME!... AND I'M STAYING 'TILL HE DOES!
ALTHOUGH IT WOULD BE MORE FUN TO PROVE HOW YELLOW HE IS WITH THE OTHER GUYS WATCHING!

AND SO WE AGAIN TAKE OUR LEAVE OF THE THOMPSON FAMILY'S PRIDE AND JOY, AS WE RETURN ONCE MORE TO OUR WEB-SPINNING WONDER...!
HE'S STILL COMING AFTER ME! BUT, I MANAGED TO INCREASE MY LEAD OVER HIM!

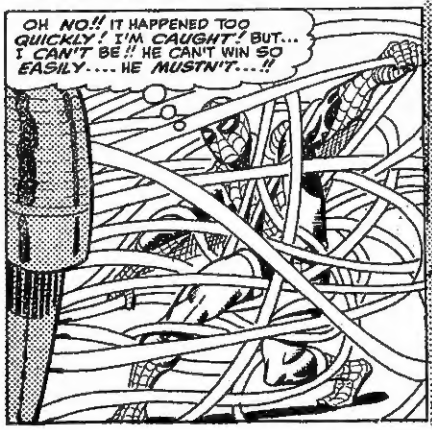
AT LEAST IT'LL GIVE ME TIME TO SLOW DOWN AND REST FOR A FEW SECONDS! WHEW!
OL' SPIDER-STRENGTH, DON'T FAIL ME NOW!

WEL-L, HEL-LO, DERE! YOU WOULDN'T BE TRYING TO HIDE FROM FUN-LOVING JONAH, WOULD YOU??
OH, BROTHER! NOW HE'S BECOMING A COMEDIAN!

HE FLOATS THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...!!
YEESH! I WONDER IF I SOUNDED THAT CORNY WHEN THE SHOE WAS ON THE OTHER FOOT?!


WELL, I'VE HAD IT! IF I RUN ANY LONGER, I'LL TIRE MYSELF OUT SO MUCH THAT I WON'T BE ABLE TO FIGHT!
I'VE JUST GOT TO STOP AND MAKE A STAND NOW... NO MATTER WHAT!
AHH! YOU FINALLY REALIZE YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME, EH?

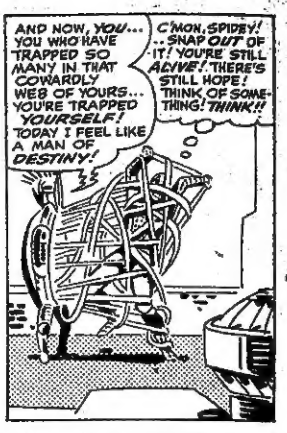
IF ONLY I COULD BOTTLE UP THIS GLORIOUS MOMENT, AND TAKE OUT THE CORK AND RE-LIVE IT WHENEVER I WANT TO!
THE COILS! THEY'RE SHOOTING OUT AT ME FASTER THAN I EXPECTED!

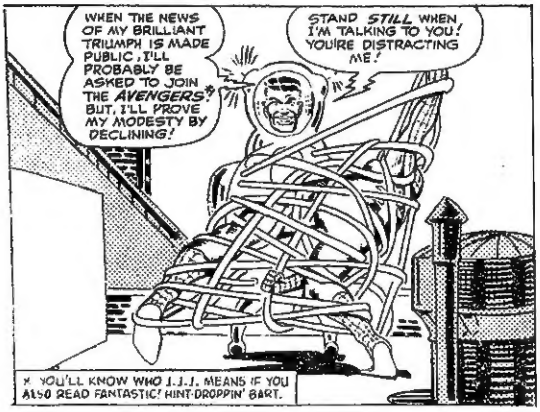

OH NO!! IT HAPPENED TOO QUICKLY! I'M CAUGHT! BUT... I CAN'T BE!! HE CAN'T WIN SO EASILY.... HE MUSTN'T...!!

LOOK AT YOU!! THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN! TRAPPED BY ORDINARY J. JONAH JAMESON, AVERAGE AMERICAN BUSINESS TYCOON!
SOME VICTORY! YOU NEEDED THE HELP OF A ROBOT TO DO IT!

FIE! JUST A MINOR DETAIL!!
I MUST REWARD PETER PARKER FOR CONVINCING ME TO USE THE DEVICE WHICH HAS DEFEATED YOU!

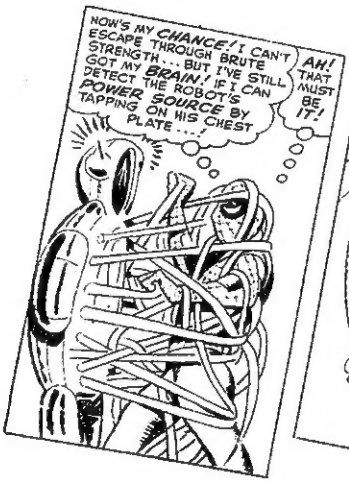
TO PROVE MY GRATITUDE, I'LL BE UNUSUALLY GENEROUS! I'LL ALLOW HIM TO CALL ME JONAH IF HE WISHES!
I'D LIKE TO REWARD PETER PARKER, ALSO!! WITH A BRICK! HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SUCH A STUPID LUNK-HEAD?!!


AND NOW, YOU... YOU WHO HAVE TRAPPED SO MANY IN THAT COWARDLY WEB OF YOURS... YOU'RE TRAPPED YOURSELF! TODAY I FEEL LIKE A MAN OF DESTINY!
C'MON, SPIDEY! ..SNAP OUT OF IT! YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! THERE'S STILL HOPE! THINK OF SOMETHING! THINK!!


WHEN THE NEWS OF MY BRILLIANT TRIUMPH IS MADE PUBLIC, I'LL PROBABLY BE ASKED TO JOIN THE AVENGERS! BUT, I'LL PROVE MY MODESTY BY DECLINING!
STAND STILL WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU! YOU'RE DISTRACTING ME!
* YOU'LL KNOW WHO I.J.J. MEANS IF YOU ALSO READ FANTASTIC' HINT-DROPPIN' BART.

IT'S USELESS! THE MORE I STRUGGLE, THE TIGHTER THESE COILS WRAP THEMSELVES AROUND ME!
IF ONLY I COULD BURN MY WAY OUT! RATS! YOU NEVER CAN FIND A HUMAN TORCH WHEN YOU NEED ONE!
SAY IT, SPIDER-MAN!..SAY IT! LET ME HEAR YOU SAY YOU SURRENDER!

OKAY, SMYTHE! NOW THAT WE HAVE HIM TRAPPED AND HELPLESS, WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?
WELL, IF THE ROBOT TRIES TO BRING HIM BACK HERE, THE COILS MAY LOOSEN DURING THE TRIP, AND HE MIGHT ESCAPE!
DON'T GO 'WAY! WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE! CHORTLE!
SO WE'LL GO TO HIM INSTEAD! WE'LL LOCATE HIM WITH THIS PORTABLE FINDER!


NOW'S MY CHANCE! I CAN'T ESCAPE THROUGH BRUTE STRENGTH... BUT I'VE STILL GOT MY BRAIN! IF I CAN DETECT THE ROBOT'S POWER SOURCE BY TAPPING ON HIS CHEST PLATE...!
AH! THAT MUST BE IT!

NEXT, I'LL USE THE SUCTION POWER OF MY FINGERS... THE SAME POWER THAT ENABLES ME TO WALK ON WALLS AND CEILINGS!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP PULLING, HARDER! HARDER!

THERE! NOW, HERE'S WHERE MY KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE COMES IN! I'VE GOT BRIEF MINUTES TO FIGURE OUT THE OPERATION OF THIS PANEL!
LUCKY I AM THE BOOKWORM THAT FLASH CALLS ME!!

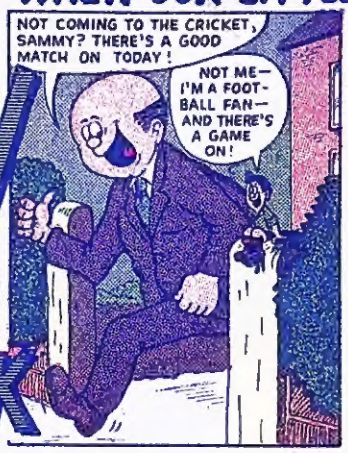
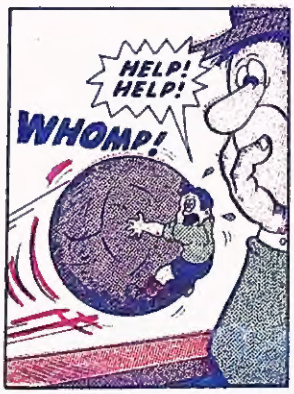
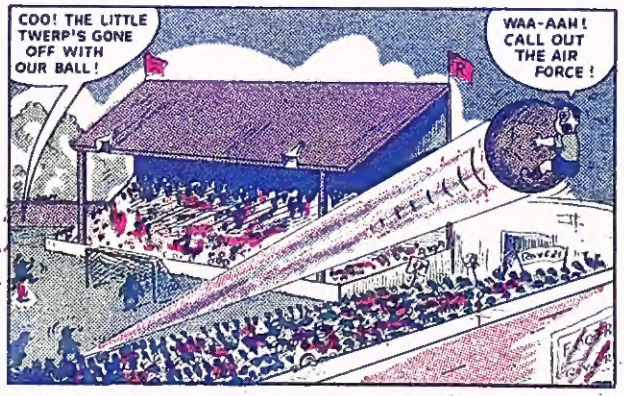
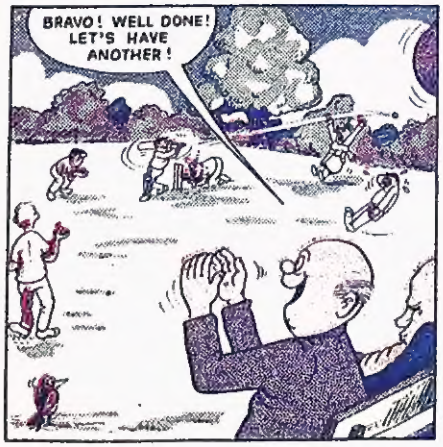
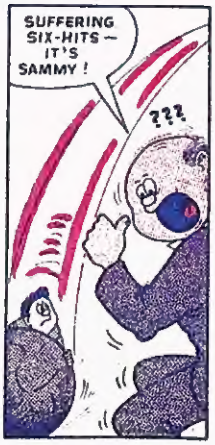
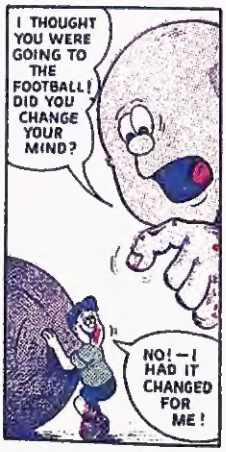
AND, RACING TO THE SCENE, WE FIND...
WITH THIS LITTLE GADGET ZEROED IN ON MY ROBOT, I CAN PINPOINT HIS LOCATION EXACTLY!
TURN RIGHT AT THE NEXT CORNER, DRIVER!
FASTER! FASTER! I CAN'T WAIT!
TURN LEFT... TURN RIGHT... BACK...
FORWARD..THEY MUST BE NUTS!

SECONDS LATER, THE CABBIE IS CERTAIN HIS FARES ARE DEMENTED AS HE SEES...
KEEP GOING! THE ROBOT ISN'T MORE THAN THIRTY FEET AWAY!
THIS IS A DAY THE POETS WILL WRITE BALLADS ABOUT...

IN FACT, THEY WILL PROBABLY PROCLAIM IT AS J. JONAH JAMESON DAY, TO HONOUR THE MAN WHO CONQUERED THAT WEB-HEADED MENACE!
LOOK AT HIM... STRUGGLING LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP! IT'S A SIGHT TO TREASURE FOR ALL THE GOLDEN YEARS TO COME!

POW! printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Limited, Branksome, Poole, Dorset, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland, 12 months 48/-; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 50/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. & Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
CONDITIONS OF SALE: this periodical shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers, be lent, resold or hired out at more than the recommended selling price as shown on the cover, or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover by way of trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

YOU CAN'T MATCH IT WHEN OUR LITTLE LAD'S 'HIT FOR SIX'!

The Adventures of

SAMMY SHRINK